DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

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SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

He who from a place of security has sat and watched the gathering clouds and shuddered at the silence which precedes the bursting thunder, will readily conceive the situation of an editor who is surrounded by a host of cotemporaries, all eagerly engaged and deeply interested in the issue of a contest that a few more days will put an end to, while he himself sits a looker-on, awaiting the blow that will fall on those around him, but indifferent and unconcerned as to his individual welfare. That situation is ours. We have abjured politics, and have never indulged a contentious spirit,—but in looking over the columns of our numerous exchange papers, we detect such a railing spirit of party, and see such exhibitions of rancorous hatred, and almost ferocious wrath, rendered more intense as the time of battle draws nigh, that our attempts to pen an article consonant to that genial spirit which becomes our mild and cheerful pages seem entirely out of tune with the Spirit of the Times. Yet we cannot mingle in the strife e'en though it would add a relish to the monotony that we sometimes fear will tire the lovers of amusement and the votaries of pleasure. The contest, however, will soon be at an end. The big guns are firing their last rounds, and the small ones are suffering for ammunition. Then comes the shouts of the victors and the groans of the vanquished. And then each and all will resume the even tenor of their ways, and lend us a hand in diverting the mind from the sad realities of life, and throw a charm over the pastimes and recreations which give a zest to man's pilgrimage thro' this troubled world.

Poor Nation.—The family expenses of the King of England, including travelling charges, &c. amount to the trifling sum of two and a half million of dollars, per annum, an aggregate equivalent to the salary of the President of the United States for a period of one hundred years!

We are happy to learn that Joseph Gales, Esq. one of the editors and proprietors of the National Intelligencer, whose reported dangerous illness had excited much apprehension, is in a fair way of recovery, and may be considered out of danger.

Female Kidnapping.—Mrs. Pamelia Hill, as we learn from a Kentucky paper, was lately tried at the Fayette Circuit Court, in that state for *stealing a negro*. It is gratifying to learn that she was acquitted of this unlady-like act.

The number of seamen belonging to the United States is 92,000, of whom there are in foreign trade 50,000, in the coasting trade 30,000, in the cod fisheries 5000, in steam vessels 1000, and in the United States navy 6000.

Among the passengers for Liverpool on board the brig Royal, Williams, we notice the name of Mrs. Page, late of our theatres: her visit to Europe is induced by a bequest from a relative in affluent circumstances.

The Kembles continue to draw immense houses. The neighborhood of the box office was yesterday morning occupied with hundreds of persons, scrambling for "seats." The theatre presented, last evening, an array of beauty and fashion never excelled. The play was the Hunchback. Miss Kemble, as Julia, is wonderful. We had no idea that so much could be made of the part. It was a thrilling performance throughout. We trust she will repeat the character, as hundreds were unable last evening to obtain places.—*Phil. Times.*

Miss Hughes appears to have won golden opinions as a vocalist from some of the Boston editors. The Advocate says of her, "She has been a great and enduring favorite with the most discriminating admirers of music, here, and has won upon their respect by her unexceptionable deportment, as well as fastened their admiration by the fascinations of her voice. The richness of that voice, the fresh gush of melody it can send forth, and its power of instant transition to the fullest tones, from notes drawn out to the softest silence without a single break, or the slightest perceptible catching of the breath, are qualities rarely possessed or attained by any private or public singer, and very few can possess them in greater perfection than they are combined in Miss Hughes."

A Scene at the Battle of the Bad Axe.

When our troops charged the enemy in their defiles near the Bank of the Mississippi, men, women and children were seen mixed together in such a manner as to render it difficult to kill one, and save the other. A young Squaw of about 19 stood in the grass at a short distance from our line, holding her little girl in her arms, about 4 years old. While thus standing apparently unconcerned, a ball struck the right arm of the child above the elbow, and shattering the bone, passed into the breast of its young mother, which instantly felled her to the ground. She fell upon the child and confined it to the ground also.—During the whole battle this babe was heard to groan and call for relief, but none had time to afford it.

When, however, the Indians had retreated from that spot, and the battle had nearly subsided, Lt. Anderson, of the U. S. Army, went to the spot and took from under the dead mother the wounded daughter, and brought it to the place we had selected for dressing wounds, and placed it there for surgical aid. It was soon ascertained that its arm must come off, and the operation was performed without drawing a tear or shriek. The child was eating a piece of hard biscuit during the operation. It was brought to Prairie du Chien, and we learn that it has nearly recovered.

This was among the many scenes calculated to draw forth a sympathetic tear for human misery.
Illinois Galenian.

An Irishman, travelling towards Boston, a short time since, when about to leave a village, honestly enquired if he should "turn that bridge over, and take up the left hand road."

Curious Circumstance.—The smack Evergreen, Appleton, on her passage from New-London to this port, was struck in the run, off Cape Hatteras, by a Needle Fish. The Needle entered between the timber, split off about two feet of the plank, and drove a part of the lower jaw into the timber; the jar was felt all over the vessel. At the time it was done the supposition was that the smack had struck a log, the pumps were tried and the vessel was found leaking badly. On searching, the leak was found in the run, and partially stopped. The Needle Fish abounds in the West Indies and the Gulf.—*Southern Patriot.*

Faculties of the Ear.—By practice, the discriminating powers of the ear may be carried to the highest degree of perfection. The success of thieves and gamblers depends upon its quickness. Since the money has been reckoned, the regularity with which each piece is struck, gives them a uniformity of sound that is very remarkable; the half crowns having the sound of A in alt. Bankers quickly discover the least deviation from the proper tone, by which they readily detect the counterfeits. In the tossing up of money, gamblers can perceive a difference in the sound, whether it falls upon one side or the other. Piemen are furnished with a covering to their baskets, made of a smooth plate of metal, by which they take in the unwary, as they readily tell which side is uppermost by the sound upon the plate, though concealed by the hand. The atmosphere is the grand medium by which sound is conveyed, though recent discoveries prove that other bodies conduct it with greater expedition, as in the instance of vibrating a tuning fork, to the stem of which is attached a packthread string—on the other end being wrapped round the little finger, and placed in the chamber of the ear, the sound will be audibly conveyed to the distance of two hundred yards, though not perceptible to any bystander. Miners in boring for coal, can tell by the sound what substance they are penetrating; and a recent discovery is, that of applying a listening tube to the breast to detect the motions of the heart. The quickness which some persons possess in distinguishing the smaller sounds, is very remarkable. A friend of the writer has declared he could readily perceive the motion of a flea, when on his nightcap, by the sound emitted by the machinery of his leaping powers. *N. Y. Mirror.*

Barking of dogs.—Dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated. Sonnini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking. The ancients were aware of this circumstance. Isaiah compares the blind watchmen of Israel to these animals—"they are dumb, they cannot bark."—But, on the contrary, David compares the noise of his enemies to the "dogs round about the city." Hence the barking of a dog is an acquired faculty, an effort to speak which he derives from his associating with man. It cannot be doubted that dogs bark more and fight less than formerly.—This may be accounted for by the civilization of the lower orders, who have gained a higher taste in their sports and pastimes than badger baitings and dog-fights; and it may with truth be asserted, that the march of intellect has had its influence even upon the canine race, in destroying that natural ferocity for war, which, (happily for the world) is now spent more in words than in blows.

Streets of Delhi at night.—Head quarters halted the following day at Delhi. In the morning, his excellency reviewed a regiment of native infantry on the cantonment parade-ground, distant from Delhi about two miles and a half, and separated from the town by a lofty ridge of arid barren rocks. The review was attended by several natives of distinction, one of whom came to the ground in a regular English coach, with four horses and postillions. In the cool of the evening, I strolled into the great street, called Chandee Chowk, which may be well styled the Boulevard of Delhi: it is the most spacious and least dirty street I have ever seen in an Asiatic town. The Chandee Chowk presented a lively and bustling appearance, people of all nations passing to and fro in busy pursuit of their several avocations; and the hard-ware, cloth, and pawn-shops, driving a noisy, chaffering, yet thriving trade. In the midst of these industrious traffickers you might, occasionally, distinguish a group of lazy, lounging, debauched-looking Mussulmans, dressed in the most extravagant colours, with their yellow slippers, their muslin scull caps, stuck jauntily over one ear, and their long hair frizzed out over the other, like a black mop. If you watched their motions, you might detect knowing looks passing between them and the hundreds of ladies of no very equivocal profession, who sit in the verandas or behind the trelliced chicks of the windows smoking their little houkahs, and displaying to the passengers their thinly clad persons, well antimonied eyes, and hennatipped fingers. Now and then the suwarree of some bloated nobleman would rush past, kicking up a dust equivalent to his pretensions, or the closely curtained car of some fair "light of the harem," drawn by a pair of handsome white oxen, with gilded horns, trotted by, the bullock-bells ringing merrily. If you looked sharp, you might detect a little pink finger, or a brilliant dark eye peeping through the small aperture upon the unwonted scene, and making one long—from the innate contrariety of man's disposition—to see more of the, doubtless, beautiful owner. The commander in chief dined with the British resident, and after dinner the party adjourned to another apartment to hear the songs, and see the glissades, for it can scarcely be called dancing, of nearly one hundred nautch girls.—There were present many of the first rate dancers of Delhi, and some of their dresses, shawls, and jewels were really splendid. The pretty, though rather dusky, Alfina, whom I have previously had occasion to eulogize, shone pre-eminent in stature, grace and voice; in the latter, however, I discovered nothing peculiar, except its exceeding shrillness. These attributes the siren has turned to some account; for it is said that she has stripped some of the dashing young nawaubs of Delhi of half their fortunes; and that during a campaign of three months at Jhneed, she levied thirty thousand rupees on the mad young Rajah.
Mundy's Sketches in India.

Curiosities.—It is stated in an Ohio paper, that on the 4th inst. as some young men were hewing timber for a barn, in Granger, Medina county, they found in a solid White Oak tree, a bone 7 inches long and 1 inch in diameter, imbedded in it, 29 feet from the root of the tree.

A few days before, in digging a ditch through a swamp near Massillon, two Tusks of a Mammoth were discovered, each upwards of 9 feet long, and about 29 inches in circumference. They were broken in getting them out. The enamel on them was perfect, and nearly a quarter of an inch thick. Search is making for further remains of the animal.

The Baltimore and Susquehannah rail road is now travelled twice a day by the steam-car "Herald," with a train of cars attached. Over certain descending parts of the road, the speed of a mile a minute has been reached. The whole length of the road travelled is about 16 miles, through a beautiful and picturesque country.

A new Figure.—Lord Chancellor Brougham, in a speech in Parliament, said he wished to present a certain subject unfig-leafed, and in its naked deformity.

The new Prima Donna at the Opera.—A singular circumstance has been mentioned to us of this lady, which proves—what had been proved thousands of times before Pope told us that "fame comes unlooked for, if it comes at all." Signora Pedrotti was at Bologna when they were casting about to make up a company for New-York. She had led the business of the opera-house at Lisbon several seasons, but was not much known where she chanced to be, and the manager was induced to take her, in some degree, upon trust—certainly without much expectation of accomplishing any revolution in public taste for the opera speculation through her powers. This, we suppose, is the reason why she was left out at first, and nothing said of her. The history of Fornasari's engagement is something of the same cast. He was accepted as a stranger.—Some of the best judges like Signora Pedrotti better than Madame Malibran. She has more physical power, and her voice never droops in passages requiring almost manly strength, but seems to gather force from difficulty. This was beyond Malibran. She was too young to allow of its being otherwise at the time we had the delight of hearing her. Pedrotti compares well with her in excellence as an actress. Her eye and gesture translate the words she utters, for those who do not understand Italian, with a fidelity unattained by the person who translates them in the book sold at the doors. Signor Da Ponte is eminent for his "choice Italian." We hope he will hereafter try to be more "choice" in the English which comes to us under the recommendation of his authority as a true version of the language his own genius has illustrated.—N. Y. Mirror.

Above all people on earth it is the business of an editor to busy himself with looking up "good things." He must be an indefatigable caterer for that huge and fastidious epicure, the public. He must sleep to dream about the mails, and wake to examine them. Up early and down late; it is his task to present an epitome of the various intelligence from the four quarters of the globe, the sad and merry, the gloomy and the gay, the revolutions of empires and the growth of squashes, the adventures of kings and great men, of the little drama and the large world.
Boston Galaxy.

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

Translated from the French.

Mademoiselle D———, had been educated in the convent of ———, where she was placed from her infancy and had never seen any thing of the world. At the age of eighteen she was taken from the convent and given in marriage to Monsieur C——— a young man of handsome person and manners, and possessing considerable merits.

Mademoiselle was young and beautiful: possessing a susceptible mind and fine talents. Suddenly placed amid the fascinations of the world it had the effect of enchantment upon her.—This being the first time she was ever addressed in the tender way, her love for Monsieur C. was most passionate and devoted, and on his part the passion was reciprocated with great ardor and attachment; and much strengthened by his filial attachment to her father, who being old and infirm, would not consent to part with her while he lived, which in all probability would not be long.

About a year after their marriage, a young actress made her appearance on the French stage, and her beauty and grace drew forth the praises of every one who saw her. Among others whose hearts became entrapped by the captivating charms of Miss T———, was Monsieur C. It was impossible that an amour of this kind could be concealed. It soon reached the ears of the young and virtuous wife, who was overwhelmed, for a time, with grief, by the intelligence. Like most of her sex, she did not sink under misfortune, but summoned up her resolution, and even concealed her chagrin from her aged parent. She formed a plan to regain the lost affections of her husband. Having been shut up from her infancy in the walls of a convent, her opportunities for studying the graces had been few. But prompted by a strong love and desperation, she forms a determination to acquire them, and, if possible, reclaim the wandering affections of her husband.—She goes to the theatre, sees her rival—divests herself of jealousy, and attentively and assiduously studies her attitudes, her manner, voice and person. Her genious being great, and her determination strong, her success was incredible.

At length, as she wished it, the young actress fell ill, and it was announced that she could not perform in the play that evening. Our young wife goes to the manager and proffers her services to undertake the part. She is accepted, and it is given out "that a young lady, a perfect stranger, will make her appearance as the substitute of Miss T. who had been suddenly taken ill." Every body flocked to the theatre to see the young stranger, and among them Monsieur C———.

She dressed herself to great perfection, played her part to admiration, and came off with great eclat. When the play was concluded, she mixed with the audience in the parterre, among whom was her husband, all was loud in praise of a stranger actress: in which she joined, and the husband warmly applauded her taste and discernment.

On their return home the young actress was the engrossing theme of conversation. Monsieur C. was in love and in raptures with her; "And pray, my dear," says she, "which do you think plays the best, the stranger or Miss T?" "Oh, there is no denying it, there is no comparison: the stranger is a perfect angel." "Behold then in me that stranger and angel," cried she, throwing her arms around his neck—"see what I have done to regain the affections of a much loved husband." He was struck with surprise and astonishment, and could hardly credit what he had heard. On repeating some of the passages as she had portrayed them on the stage, he beheld the angel in his wife. He was overcome with her love, genius, and perseverance, and fell at her feet and vowed eternal constancy, a vow which he inviolably kept.

THE BOXER.

[The following is the episode of the Boxer, which occurs in the story of the Thunder-struck.]

The patient who thus abruptly, and under circumstances inopportunely, required my services, proved to be one Bill ———, a notorious boxer, who in returning that evening from a great prize-fight, had been thrown out of his gig, the horse being frightened by the lightning, and the driver besides much the worse for liquor, and had his ancle dreadfully dislocated. He had been taken up by some passengers, and conveyed with great difficulty to his own residence, a public house, not three minutes walk from where I lived. The moment I entered the tap-room, which I had to pass on my way to the staircase, I heard his groans, or rather howls, over head. The excitement of intoxication, added to the agonies occasioned by his accident, had driven him, I was told, nearly mad. He was uttering the most revolting execrations as I entered his room. He damned himself, his ill luck, (for it seemed he had lost considerable sums on the fight,) the combatants, the horse that threw him, the thunder and lightning—every thing, in short, and every body about him. The sound of the thunder was sublime music to me, and the more welcome, because it drowned the blasphemous bellowing of the monster I was visiting. Yes, there lay the burly boxer, stretched upon the bed, with none of his dress removed, except the boot from the limb that was injured; his new blue coat with glaring yellow buttons, and drab knee-breeches, soiled with the street mud into which he had been precipitated; his huge limbs writhing in restless agony over the bed; his fists clenched, and his flat iron-featured face swollen and distorted with pain and rage.

"But, my good woman," said I, pausing at the door, addressing myself to the boxer's wife, who, wringing her hands, had conducted me up stairs. "I assure you I am not the person you should have sent to. It's a surgeon's, not a physician's case; I fear I can't do much for him—quite out of my way"—

"Oh, for God's sake—for the love of God, don't say so!" gasped the poor woman with affrighted emphasis; "Oh, do *something* for him, or he'll drive us all out of our senses—he'll be killing us!"

"Do something!" roared out my patient, who had overheard the last words of his wife, turning his bloated face towards me; "*do* something, indeed! ay, and be —— to you! Here, here—look ye, doctor—look ye *here!*" he continued, pointing to the wounded foot, which, all crushed and displaced, and the stocking soaked with blood, presented a shocking appearance; "look here, indeed! ah, that —— horse! that —— horse!" his teeth gnashed, and his right hand was lifted up, clenched with fury; "If I don't break every bone in his —— body, as soon as ever I can stir this cursed leg again!"

I felt for a moment as though I had entered the very pit and presence of Satan, for the lightning was gleaming over his ruffianly figure incessantly, and the thunder rolling above overhead while he was speaking.

"Hush, hush! you'll drive the doctor away! For pity's sake, hold your tongue, or Doctor —— won't come into the room to you!" gasped his wife, dropping on her knees beside him.

"Ha, ha! let him go! Only let him stir a step, and lame as I am, —— me! if I don't jump out of bed, and teach him civility! *Here*, you doctor, as you call yourself—what's to be done?"

Really, I was too much shocked at the moment to know. I was half inclined to leave the room immediately—and had a fair plea for doing so, in the *surgical* nature of the case—but the agony of the fellow's wife induced me to do violence to my feelings, and stay. After directing a person to be sent off, in my name, for the nearest surgeon, I addressed myself to my task, and proceeded to remove the stocking. His whole body quivered with the anguish it occasioned, and I saw such fury gathering in his features, that I began to dread lest he might rise up in a sudden phrenzy, and strike me.

"Oh! oh! oh!—Curse your clumsy hands! You don't know no more nor a child!" he groaned, "what you're about! Leave it—leave it alone! Give over with ye! Doctor ——, I say be off!"

"Mercy, mercy, Doctor!" sobbed his wife in a whisper, fearing from my momentary pause, that I was going to take her husband at his word—Don't go away! Oh, go on—go on! It *must* be done, you know. Never mind what he says; he's only a little worse for liquor now—and—and then the *pain!* Go on, doctor; he'll thank you the more for it to-morrow."

"Wife, here!" shouted her husband. The woman instantly stepped up to him. He stretched out his herculean arm, and grasped her by the shoulder.

"So, you ——! I'm drunk, am I? I'm *drunk*, eh? you lying ——!" he exclaimed, and jerked her violently across the room, to the door, where the poor creature fell down, but presently rose crying bitterly.

"Get away! Get off—get down stairs—if you don't want me to serve you the same again! Say I'm drunk, you beast?" With frantic gestures she obeyed—rushed down stairs, and I was left alone with her husband. I was disposed to follow her abruptly, but the positive dread of my life, (for he might leap out of bed, and kill me with a blow) kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching his! I examined the wound, which undoubtedly must have given him torture enough to drive him mad, and bathed it in warm water; resolved to pay no attention to his abuse and quit the instant that the surgeon, who had been sent for, made his appearance. At length he came. I breathed more freely, resigned the case into his hands, and was going to take up my hat, when he begged me to continue in the room, with such an earnest apprehensive look, that I reluctantly remained. I saw he dreaded as much being left alone with his patient, as I! It need hardly be said that every step that was taken in dressing the wound, was attended with the vilest execrations of the patient. Such a foul-mouthed ruffian I never encountered anywhere. It seemed as though he was possessed of a devil. What a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer who I had left at home! and to whom my heart yearned to return.

The storm still continued raging. The rain had comparatively ceased, but the thunder and lightning made their appearance with fearful frequency and fierceness. I drew down the blind of the window; observing to the surgeon that the lightning seemed to startle our patient.

"Put it up again! put up that blind again, I say!" he cried impatiently. "D'ye think *I'm* afeared of the lightning, like my ——— horse today? Put it up again—or I'll get out and do it myself!" I did as he wished. Reproof or expostulation was useless. "Ha!" he exclaimed, in a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands together—in a manner bathing them in the fiery stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed ruddily over him. "*There* it is!—curse it—just the sort of flash that frightened my horse—d——n it!"—and the impious wretch shook his fist, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile!"

"Be silent, sir! be silent! or we will both leave you instantly. Your behaviour is impious! It is frightful to witness! forbear—lest the vengeance of God descend upon you!"

"Come, come, none o' your ——— Methodism *here!* Go on with your business! Stick to your shop," interrupted the Boxer.

"Does not *that* rebuke your blasphemies?" I enquired, suddenly shading my eyes from the vivid stream of lightning that burst into the room, while the thunder rattled overhead—apparently in fearful proximity. When I removed my hands from my eyes, and opened them, the first object that they fell upon was the figure of the Boxer, sitting upright in bed with both hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas the sorcerer, in the picture of Raphael—his face the color of a corpse—and his eyes almost starting out of their sockets, directed with a horrid stare towards the window. His lips moved not—nor did he utter a sound. It was clear what had occurred. The wrathful fire of Heaven, that had glanced harmlessly around us, had blinded the blasphemer. Yes—the sight of his eyes had perished. While we were gazing at him in silent awe, he fell back in bed speechless, and clasped his hands over his breast seemingly in an attitude of despair. But for that motion we should have thought him dead. Shocked beyond expression, Mr. —— paused in his operations. I examined the eyes of the patient. The pupils were both dilated to their utmost extent, and immoveable. I asked many questions, but he answered not a word. Occasionally, however, a groan of horror—agony—(or all combined) would burst from his pent bosom; and this was the only evidence he gave of consciousness. He moved over on his right side—his "pale face turned to the wall"—and unclasping his hands, pressed the fore finger of each with convulsive force upon the eyes. Mr. —— proceeded with his task. What a contrast between the present and past behaviour of our patient!—Do what we would—put him to ever such great pain, he neither uttered a syllable nor expressed any symptoms of passion, as before. There was however, no necessity for my continuing any longer; so I left the case in the hands of Mr. —— who undertook to acquaint Mrs. —— with the frightful accident that had happened to her husband. What two scenes had I witnessed that evening?

STEAMBOAT ADVENTURE;

Or, the Wager between Tom Shuffleton and Mr. Bass.

Tom Shuffleton lodges in the country *now-a-days:* so does Mr. Bass. Each, however, comes to town in the *day-time;* and generally, they make it a point to dine together at the 'Tremont.' Tom Shuffleton is quite a well bred man: so is Mr. Bass. Both of them, too, have great notions of taste and fashion, mixed up with not a little love of 'fun, frolic and flash;' and being young gentlemen of good fortune and education, they are of course 'pretty considerably' known among all people of *ton*. Tom Shuffleton is also 'a capital drive:' so is Mr. Bass. Each has a curricle by himself; and occasionally, each sports his gig and two horses, *tandem*. This is all right enough, and peradventure deserves to be commended in these exquisites; because it tends, as they say, to better the breed' of the noblest of quadrupeds, and increase the business of the livery stable men, and other worthy citizens of that class.—Tom Shuffleton is, moreover, one of the greatest wags in the metropolis: so is Mr. Bass. Indeed, two more jocose, jubilant, and merry-making fellows cannot be found 'all the world over.' Possessing infinite jest and humor, they are continually cracking their jokes, and playing off their wit and pranks, in some way or other. Nor is there any thing censurable perceived in this. On the contrary, 'it is a most excellent thing;' because it affords not only much amusement and time-killing edification for the young blades themselves, but a good deal for their numerous friends and acquaintances. Besides, it is all done according to that rule of yore, which every body has heard and nobody should forget, viz. "*Laugh and grow fat.*" Tom Shuffleton is, withal, somewhat adventurous as well as eccentric: so is Mr. Bass. And, consequently, they frequently fall into some very ludicrous situations. We could give 'four and twenty instances' of their 'accidents by flood and field,' if we had a mind to. But 'as at present advised,' we choose only one.

Tom Shuffleton, then, is 'a real hand for a wager:' so is Mr. Bass. And the other day, just after dinner, and the cloth had been removed, Tom Shuffleton, smacking his lips over a glass of wine, and wiping his mouth with his napkin, turned round to his friend, and raising his voice loud enough for all the company to hear him, said he had a challenge for Mr. Bass. 'A challenge for me?' replied the latter; 'what kind of a challenge is it, pray?' 'Why,' rejoined Tom Shuffleton, 'I will lay you a wager, I can depart from this city, and be carried for *twenty miles* at the rate of *twelve miles* an hour, and I shall not be called upon to pay more than *six and a quarter cents* for the whole journey!' This was a challenge to be sure, and a most novel one into the bargain. *Twenty* miles, at *twelve* miles per hour, and all for *four pence halfpenny!*' repeated several members of the company. Tom Shuffleton made a considerable pause: so did Mr. Bass. What could it mean? Mr. Bass had never heard of such a bet. He thought of stage coaches, and of omnibusses—of *twenty* miles, and of rail-roads—of locomotives, and of *twelve* miles an hour—and of *six and a quarter cents!* But it would not do. There was some catch in the affair.—Tom Shuffleton spoke again: so did Mr. Bass. A challenge is never refused by men of honor.—Tom Shuffleton is always ready either to give or take: so is Mr. Bass. But some joke must be intended by such a proposition. What could it be? And leaving his chair, Mr. Bass ran to the landlord. Mine host told him that 'some things could be done as well as others;' as had been proved in the matter of Sam Patch *versus* Niagara Falls, which case he cited at length. But for himself, he knew all about stage coaches and such like vehicles. There was not one in the country that went at the rate of *twelve* miles an hour, at least in *these* parts. As to the rail-ways, they were scarcely begun; and, even if they were finished, no rail-road man could expect to convey passengers a distance of *twenty* miles for the trifling sum of *six cents and a quarter*. There was no such a thing in the books, and he had examined every case that had been reported. This was his opinion. He gave it deliberately, and would hold himself responsible for its correctness. Now this was precisely such an opinion as Mr. Bass desired; and feeling he could rely upon it with safety, he posted back to the dining hall, and resumed his seat at the table. Tom Shuffleton drank to the health of the company: so did Mr. Bass—and as he took the glass from his lips, the latter resolved within himself to accept the challenge. 'Distance, *twenty* miles; speed, *twelve* miles an hour; fare, *six and a quarter cents!*—Tom Shuffleton is prepared to accomplish this upon a wager,' exclaimed a gentleman on the right. 'So is Mr. Bass ready to try him on the bet,' responded a gentleman from the left. In an instant it was settled that the stakes should consist of two bottles of Burgundy, three of Hock, and as much Champaign as might be called for by the company; and the challenge being reduced to writing, and signed by both parties, was deposited with Alderman K——; this especial provision being first interlined, viz. 'that the parties go *together*, and by *themselves*, and that the *directions* of Tom Shuffleton be followed in every particular by Mr. Bass.' Tom Shuffleton fixed the next day for the trial: so did Mr. Bass. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, they took a coach at the Tremont, and drove, *not* out of town, as had been expected by Mr. Bass, but directly to the foot of Hanover-street. Not a word was uttered as they alighted at the Winnisimmet Ferry House. Tom Shuffleton took *fourpence halfpenny* out of his vest pocket, exhibited it to his friend, and gave it to the tollman: so did Mr. Bass; and then they both embarked on board of the new ferry steamer, Chelsea, in company with a great number of passengers, 'besides horses and carriages.' The bell rung—thump, thump, went the engine; and, in a very few moments, the boat crossed the water. Tom Shuffleton had not opened his lips since he came on board, nor had Mr. Bass. But as the passengers came to land, Tom Shuffleton whispered to his friend, that *neither* must go ashore, and at the same time reminded him to remember he was to obey orders. Then, avoiding the eye of the tollman, Tom Shuffleton took advantage of the bustle of discharging and receiving passengers, and *whipped* into one of the cabins: so did Mr. Bass. The bell rung again, and *walking* across the bay, the steamer entered her 'birth' in Boston. 'We have been exactly four minutes from pier to pier each time,' said Tom Shuffleton, looking at his watch: 'so we have,' said Mr. Bass, taking out his repeater in return. 'Now,' continued Tom Shuffleton, 'this ferry is something more than *one mile* in length, and you see we are conveyed upon it at the rate of *twelve* miles and upwards an hour.'—At this moment the bell struck again for the people to leave the deck, and make room for a fresh freight; when, whispering to his friend, as he had done before, Tom Shuffleton pushed through the crowd, and entered the *other* cabin: so did Mr. Bass.

Now the captain of the ferry steamer observed these young men when they came into the boat, on the outset. His attention was attracted by their new hats and dashing apparel; and seeing them skulking among the passengers, and flying from one cabin to the other, whenever the boat approached the land, he at once suspected they were *experimenting*, to ascertain how *many* passages they could make, without paying but *one* toll. Therefore he directed his men to be on the 'look out,' and not allow them to leave the vessel until they had paid the regular fare for *every* trip they went.

'The bell rung; 'go ahead,' cried the pilot, and the steamboat dashed through the water for Chelsea again. Tom Shuffleton repeated his manœuvres, as she ran between the piles: so did Mr. Bass. And the former thought he had actually deceived the toll-gatherers. But 'none are so blind as those who do not wish to be seen; and any common spectator might have observed the occasional winks and nods of the crew; while those who stood by the engine door could even hear the men below saying to each other, 'we have got you now, my boys'—'you don't go scot *free* this time,'—'not as you know of,' &c.

As early as the second trip, Mr. Bass suspected what his comrade would be at, but he made no intimation of his suspicions. He recollected he had promised to 'follow directions;' and believing, moreover, that Tom Shuffleton would certainly be 'caught at last,' he kept his thoughts to himself. In this way matters went on. The steamer continued her passages upon the ferry; and as often as she approached either shore, our heroes would be dodging into one cabin or the other, or forsooth crowding in among the new passengers. At length the *twentieth* trip brought them back to the ferry ways at the foot of Hanover-street, from whence they had started. 'Now,' said Tom Shuffleton, 'we have been *twenty* miles and more—we have been carried at the rate of *twelve* miles an hour—and it has cost me but *six and a quarter cents* for the whole journey.—The wager is mine; I have won the bet; and we will go ashore:' 'so we will,' rejoined Mr. Bass.

As they stepped on the wharf, the pilot gave the concerted signal, and the tollman, coming from his stand, stopped Tom Shuffleton and Mr. Bass, just as they were passing with rapid strides through the gates. He would thank them for their *toll*. Tom Shuffleton was a little startled at first: so was Mr. Bass. But they soon gained their self-possession, and Tom Shuffleton said they had paid the fare: so said Mr. Bass. No, it had not been paid, replied the tollman. They gave him *six and a quarter* cents when they first went on board, but since then they had been sailing to and fro for nearly two hours. They had been carried nineteen trips each, besides the first one; and as it was against orders to receive less than six and a quarter cents a trip, the tollman said they must pay *nineteen* fourpence-halfpenny bits, or a dollar and nineteen cents each! Tom Shuffleton expostulated: so did Mr. Bass, determined to 'follow directions' to the last. They had paid the price demanded when they came *into* the boat, and they had never heard of such a thing as paying to get *out* of her again. It was totally unexpected to them. It was an imposition, and would never go down with the public.—But the tollman became inflexible—the passengers began to gather round, and a considerable crowd was soon collected. The number of people increasing every moment, Tom Shuffleton thought it might prove too serious an affair to dwell upon: and giving a forced laugh, he told the man that all he had said was meant merely as a joke, and instantly paid the money: so did Mr. Bass. The game of passing over to Chelsea and back in the same steamer for one toll, was quickly understood by the spectators, and men and boys, crying out, 'caught at last,' 'caught at last,' made the welkin ring with huzzas and shouts of merriment. Tom Shuffleton sprang into a coach, at the head of the wharf: so did Mr. Bass—and away they went at full speed.

Now Tom Shuffleton was extremely nettled at this turn in the matter. He had proved he could go *twenty* miles, and that too at the rate of *twelve* miles an hour—and he was just establishing the other part of the bet, viz. that his journey should not cost more than *six and a quarter cents*,—when, at the very pinch of the thing, the tollman thus clapped him on the shoulder, and demanded pay for every trip. It was provoking to think of it. Nor could he bear the idea of having the whole affair blown among his friends at the hotel. Accordingly, as they rode along, he proposed a compromise. Tom Shuffleton would pay for all the wine, if Mr. Bass would keep the result to himself, and agree not to say who was the winner. But the victor is seldom willing to relinquish the spoil of battle; and Mr. Bass told him he would have the laugh—it was too good a joke to be lost. The coach now stopped, and they had scarcely entered the vestibule, before the whole story was indeed blown throughout the house.—Tom Shuffleton saw at once that he must put on the best face he could, and immediately ordered the wine; and this part of the business being as highly relished by the company as the rest of the adventure, Tom Shuffleton made himself as gay and merry as he could: and so did Mr. Bass!

WEEPING.

Young women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for any thing or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence and weep when you are absent. They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or a tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a blackguard; they will weep because they cannot have every thing in their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps and he relents and promises better behaviour. How many men have gone to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning quite subdued with tears and a curtain lecture? Women weep to get at their husband's secrets, and they also weep when their own are revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning and through weakness.—They will weep for a husband's misfortunes, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbors how she is fitted with her mournings. She weeps for one husband that she may get another. The "widow of Esphesus," bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other.

Use of Tobacco by the Hottentots.—Mr Barrow, in his Travels, speaks of the use made by the Hottentots of this plant, for the purpose of destroying snakes: "a Hottentot," says he, applied some of it from the short end of his wooden tobacco pipe to the mouth of a snake while darting out his tongue. The effect was as instantaneous as an electrictric shock, with a convulsive motion that was momentary, the snake half untwisted itself, and never stirred more, and the muscles were so contracted that the whole animal felt hard and rigid.

FAIR PLAY.

A nobleman resident at a castle in Italy was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot so large that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. One hundred lashes, said the fisherman, on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whipcord on the bargain. The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrances was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have, but lay lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence. After fifty lashes had been administered, hold, hold, exclaimed the fisherman, I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share. What, are there two such madcaps in the world, exclaimed the nobleman, name him, and he shall be sent for instantly; you need not go far for him, said the fisherman, you will find him at your gate, in the shape your own porter, who would not let me in, until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I received for my turbot. Oh, oh, said the nobleman, bring him up instantly, he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice. This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

A temperate queen.—In Mrs. Jameson's memoirs of Female Sovereigns, we find the subjoined paragraph:—in describing the person and character of Christina, Queen of Sweden, and daughter of the renowned Gustavus, the "Lion of the North," she says:—"Among the recollections of her childhood, Christina tells us that she had an extreme dislike to beer and wine, and that the Queen-dowager would not suffer her to drink water; that she consequently suffered from excessive thirst for days together, and would sometimes steal the eau-de-rose which stood on her mother's toilet; being detected in this very pardonable theft, her mother whipped her most severely, which had the effect of making her a confirmed water-drinker for the remainder of her life."

An intemperate queen.—In the same work we find the following, which we copy for the purpose of contrasting it with the preceding:—"Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Peter the Great and Catherine I., was in her thirty-second year when she was proclaimed empress, and reigned twenty years, from 1741 to 1761. * * * * * The last ten years of her life were spent in fits of terror, fits of love, fits of devotion, and fits of intoxication; her excesses at length brought on disorders which terminated her disgraceful existence, and she died literally with a cup of brandy at her lips."

From the London Atheneum.

Personal sketches of his own times—BY SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

A BARRISTER BESEIGED.

Curran and Barrington were on a visit to a clergyman near Carlow, who had invited a party of jovial spirits to meet them. Dinner was appointed for five precisely, as Curran always stipulated for punctuality. The clock struck—the guests were assembled—every thing bespoke a joyous banquet—but the counseller was not to be found—six, seven came—day departed, and twilight approached, people were sent in every direction, but no tidings of him could be heard, except that he had been seen in the garden at four o'clock.

Yet every now and then a messenger came in to announce, that an old man had seen *a counsellor*, as he verily believed, walking very quick on the road to Carlow. Another reported that a woman who was driving home the cows met one of the counsellors going leisurely towards Athy, and that he seemed very *melancholy*; that she had seen him at the 'sizes that blessed morning, and the people towld her that it was the great law preacher that was in it. Another woman who was bringing home some turf from the bog, declared before the Virgin and all the Saints, that she saw a little man in black, with a stick in his hand, going toward the Barrow—and a collough sitting at her own cabin door feeding the childer, positively saw a black gentleman going down to the river, and soon after heard a great splash of water at the said river, whereupon, she went *hot-foot* to her son, Ned Coyle, to send him thither to see if the gentleman was in the water; but that Ned said, sure enough nothing natural would be after going at that time of the deep dusk to the place where poor Armstrong's corpse lay the night he was murdered; and he'd see all the gentlemen in the country to the devil, (God bless them!) before he'd go to the said place till morning early. * * * * * * *

The matter became too serious to admit of any doubt as to poor Curran having met his catastrophe. I was greatly shocked; our only conjectures now being not *whether*, but *how*, he had lost his life. As Curran was known every day to strip naked and wash himself all over with a sponge and cold water, I conjectured, as most rational, that he had in lieu of his usual ablution, gone to the Barrow to bathe before dinner, and thus unfortunately perished. All agreed in my hypothesis, and hooks and a draw net were sent for immediately to Carlow, to scour the river for his body. * * * * * * *

It was at length suggested by our reverend host that his great Newfoundland dog, who was equally sagacious, if not more so, with many of his parishioners, and rivalled in canine proportion the magnitude of his master, was not unlikely, by diving in the Barrow, to discover where the body lay deposited—and thus direct the efforts of the nets and hookers from Carlow. This idea met with universal approbation; and every body took up his hat to go down to the river. Mary a young damsel, the only domestic who remained in the house, was ordered to call Diver, the Dog; but Diver was absent, and did not obey the summons. Every where resounded, Diver, Diver, but in vain.

* * * * * * *

Mary, the maid, was now desired to search *all* the rooms and offices, for Diver, while we sat pensive and starving in the parlor. We were speedily alarmed by a loud shriek, immediately after which, Mary rushed tottering into the room, just able to articulate:—

"Oh, holy Virgin! holy Virgin! yes, gentlemen the counsellor is dead, sure enough. And I'll die too, gentlemen! I'll never recover it!" and she crossed herself twenty times over in the way the priest had taught her.

We all now flocked around, and asked her simultaneously how she knew the counsellor was dead?

Crossing herself again, "I saw his *ghost*, please your reverence!"

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"Where? where?" cried every body, as if with one breath.

"In the double bedded room, next your reverence's," stammered the terrified girl.

"We waited for no more to satisfy us either that she was mad, or that robbers were in the house: each person seized something by way of a weapon; one took a poker, another a candlestick, a third a knife or fire-shovel, and up stairs we rushed. Only one could go in conveniently, abreast—and I was among the first that entered. The candle had been forgotten, but the moon was rising, and we certainly saw what, in the opinion of some present, corroborated the statement of Mary. Two or three instantly drew back in horror, and attempted to retreat, but others pressed behind; and lights being at length produced, an exhibition far more ludicrous than terrific presented itself. In a far corner of the room, stood erect and formal, and stark naked, (as a ghost should be,) JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, one of His Majesty's counsel, learned in the law—trembling as if in the ague, and scarce able to utter a syllable, through the combination of cold and terror. Three or four paces in his front lay Diver, from Newfoundland, stretching out his immense shaggy carcase, his long paws extended their full length, and his great head lying on them, with his nose pointed towards *the ghost*, as true as the needle to the pole. His hind legs were gathered up like those of a wild beast ready to spring upon his prey. He took an angry notice of the first of us that came near him, growled, and seemed disposed to resent our intrusion; but the moment his master appeared, his temper changed, he jumped up, wagged his tail, licked the parson's hand, cast a scowling look at Curran, and then a wistful one at his master—as much as to say, 'I have done my duty—now do yours;' he looked indeed as if he only waited for the word of command, to seize the counsellor by the throttle.

"A blanket was now considerately thrown over Curran by one of the company, and he was put to bed with half a dozen more blankets heaped upon him; a tumbler of hot potsheen punch was administered, and a second worked miracles; the natural heat began to circulate, and he was in a little time enabled to rise and tell us a story, which no hermit, even telling his beads, could avoid laughing at. Related by any one, it would have been good:—as told by Curran, with his powers of description and characteristic humor, it was super excellent;—and we had to thank Diver, the water dog, for the highest zest of the whole evening.

"The fact was, that a little while previous to dinner time, Curran, who had omitted his customary ablution in the morning, went to our allotted bed-chamber to perform that ceremony; and having stripped, had just begun to apply the sponge, when Diver, strolling about his master's premises to see if all was right, placed by chance his paw upon the door, which, not being fastened, it flew open; he entered unceremoniously, and observing what he conceived to be an extraordinary and suspicious figure, concluded it was somebody with no very honest intentions, and stopped to reconnoitre. Curran, unaccustomed to so strange a valet, retreated, while Diver advanced, and very significantly showed an intention to take him by the neck or throat; which operation, if performed by Diver, whose tusks were a full inch in length, would no doubt have admitted an inconvenient quantity of atmospheric air into his œsophagus—He therefore crept as close into the corner as he could, and had the equivocal satisfaction of seeing his adversary advance and turn the meditated *assault* into complete *blockade*—stretching himself out, and maintaining his position,' with scarcely the slightest motion, till the counsel was rescued, and the siege raised.

"Curran had been in hopes, that when Diver had satisfied his *curiosity*, he would retire; and with this impression, spoke kindly to him, but was answered only by a growl. If Curran repeated his blandishments, Diver showed his long white tusks;—if he moved his foot, the dog's hind legs were in motion. Once or twice Curran raised his hand; but Diver, considering that as a sort of challenge, rose instantly, and with a low growl, looked significantly at Curran's windpipe. Curran therefore stood like a *model*, if not much like a marble divinity."

CAPTURE OF A SNAKE.

When Mr. Waterton was on the banks of the Mibiri, in Guiana, he intimated to a gang of negroes, who were then making shingles, that he would give a reward to any one who should find a large snake in the woods, and give him notice of it.

On a Sunday, about noon, one of these negroes, who had gone into the woods with a little dog to hunt an armadillo, came to a large tree, which had been overturned by the wind, and was in a state of decay; the dog barked on coming to the tree, and the negro observed a snake.

The day was intensely hot; there was not a living thing to be seen, or a sound to be heard; and our traveller sat in the shade, upon the steps of the ruined dwelling, with a little Horace in his sand, and the faithful cayman-eating negro, Daddy Quashi, beside him, when the negro came down the hill to intimate that he had made the discovery, and that the snake was a counacuochi, or bush master, but not of very formidable size. "Well, daddy, we shall have a look at the snake," said our traveller, starting up, and grasping an eight-foot lance, which he had made by fixing a bayonet to the end of a long-pole. Thus armed, and habited in a pair of trowsers, a check shirt, and an old hat, and accompanied by two negroes armed with cutlasses. Mr. Waterton marched to capture the enemy. About half a mile within the forest, the negro pointed to the fallen tree: and our traveller, having enjoined silence in his corps of reserve, advanced to reconnoitre. The snake was a coulacanara, not poisonous, but powerful enough to have crushed any of them to death. He was fourteen feet long, and, as the coulacanara is by far the most able-bodied of snakes, he was as thick and strong as a boa of 24 feet. Having made his reconnoisance, the traveller returned to the negroes, and promised four dollars to the finder of the snake, and one to the assistant. The day being on the decline, and the night not being favorable for dissecting him, Mr. Waterton resolved to take him alive. This was not much relished by the negroes, who pleaded hard to be allowed to go for a gun and additional force; but this was not allowed by the daring traveller, who, seizing a cutlass from one of the negroes, led the forlorn hope, the two sable auxiliaries following in the rear, but ill-disposed for the perilous adventure.

The camp of the enemy was fortified by a thick rampart of woodbine; and though Mr. Watertou could see the folds, he was unable to ascertain the position of the head. However, he began to make a breach, by cutting away the woodbine with a knife. While he was engaged in this perilous operation, the two negroes stood behind him, one with the lance, and the other with a cutlass, and the remaining cutlass on the ground close by.

After cutting away in silence for a quarter of an hour, the breach was practicable, the head of the snake appeared from between the first and second of his folds, and lying flat on the ground. The little dog was, all the while, a meek observer of the daring work.

When the position of the enemy had been seen, Mr. Waterton retired with heroic slowness, and beckoned to his negroes to do the same—a signal which pleased them better than that for advancing. They again pleaded hard for the gun and the reinforcement, but the traveller awed them into obedience and valor, by threatening to mow them down with the cutlass. Next he disarmed them, lest they should have struck the snake in the hour of peril, and spoiled the skin. This was a sad damper upon their valor; but their commander was resolute, and they had no alternative but obedience.

"We," says he, "went slowly on in silence, without moving our arms or heads, in order to prevent all alarm as much as possible, lest the snake should glide off, or attack us in self-defence. I carried the lance perpendicularly before me, with the point about an inch from the ground. The snake had not moved; and on getting up to him, I struck him with the lance on the near side just behind the neck, and pinned him to the ground. That moment the negro next me seized the lance, and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den, in order to grapple with the snake, and get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

"On pinning him to the ground with the lance he gave a tremendous hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for the superiority. I called to the second negro to throw himself on him, as I was not heavy enough. He did so; and the additional weight was of great service. I now got firm hold of his tail; and after a violent struggle or two, he gave in, finding himself overpowered. So, while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to undo my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

"The snake now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then prepared to carry him out of the forest. I stood at his head and held it firm under my arm; one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times; for the snake was too heavy for us to support him, without resting to recruit our strength. As we proceeded onwards with him, he fought hard for freedom, but it was all in vain. The day was too far spent to think of dissecting him, and had I killed him a partial putrefaction would have taken place before morning. I had brought with me up into the forest a strong bag, large enough to contain any animal I should want to dissect. I considered this was the best mode of keeping alive wild animals, when I was pressed for daylight; for the bag yielding in every way to their efforts, they would have nothing solid or fixed to work on, and thus be prevented from making a hole through it. After securing afresh the mouth of the coulacanara, so that he could not open it, he was forced into the bag, and left to his fate till morning.

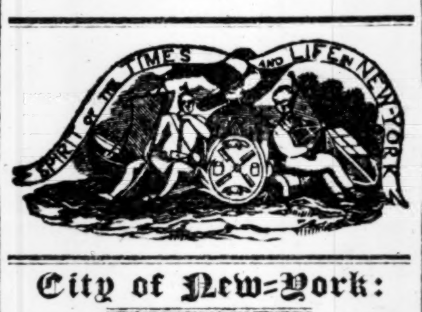
"I cannot say he allowed me to have a quiet night. My hammock was in the loft just above him, and the floor betwixt us half gone to decay, so that in parts of it no boards intervened between his room and mine. He was restless and fretful, and kept up a disagreeable hissing during the night. At day-break I sent to borrow ten of the negroes who were cutting wood at a distance, deeming it prudent to have a good force in case he should try to escape, when we opened the bag. However, nothing serious occurred. We untied the mouth of the bag, kept him down by main force, and then I cut his throat. He bled like an ox."—*Waterton's Travels.*

THE BISON.

This animal is found in North America only. He is sometimes, though very improperly, called the buffalo; and his skin when dressed with hair on, a buffalo skin, or buffalo robe. But the buffalo is properly a species of the black ox, found in India.—The bison differs from the common ox, in length and fineness of his woolly hair, and in having a large hump or projection over his fore-shoulders. The hump is oblong; quite high at the fore part and sloping gradually as it proceeds backward.—The hair on the head, neck, and shoulders, is long and shaggy, forming a beard under the lower jaw, and descending below the knee in a tuft. The hair on the top of the head rises in a thick mass nearly to the tips of the horns, and on the forehead is very curly, and thickly matted together. From the shoulders backwards the bison is covered, in summer, with very short, fine hair, as soft as velvet. tail is short and tufted at the end. His lor is uniformly dun, except the long hai n the fore part of the body, which is of a rust colour, or yellowish tinge. Variety of colour among them, is very rare. The ponderous head of the bison, rendered terrific by his thick, shaggy hair, and streaming beard, is supported upon such a massy neck and shoulders as give him a very savage and formidable appearance, and strike every beholder at first with dread. But he is seldom known to attack man, unless when he is wounded. Many years ago, these animals were to be found in almost every part of what is called the United States Territory; but now they are rarely to be found south of the St. Lawrence, or east of the Mississippi. But they are there very numerous, especially when we consider what great multitudes are taken every year by hunters. Vast multitudes are slaughtered for their skins; but it is also much to be regretted that the hunters and traders are in the habit of shooting them wantonly, either for the sake of the wicked gratification it affords them, or for the TONGUE OR HUMP merely.

Numerous tribes of Indians are almost wholly dependent on these animals for food, clothing, tents, utensils, &c. Bison beef is rather coarser grained than that of the domestic ox, but is generally considered as superior in tenderness and flavor. The hump is considered the richest and most delicate part for food, and when cooked is said to resemble marrow. The Indian method of preparing it is as follows:—The hump is cut off from the shoulders, the bones removed, and a piece of skin sewed over the denuded part; and the hair is then singed off. Then they heat a hole in the ground, put in the hump, and cover it about a foot deep with earth and ashes. A great fire is then built over the spot, and if the process is begun at evening, the meat will be properly cooked by the next day at noon. The flesh of the cow, as well as her skin, is preferred to that of the bull, though she is much smaller. Herds consisting of thousands of those animals, (for they are gregarious) roam over the far western prairies, led by the fiercest and most powerful of the bulls. During the summer season, the roaring of the males resembles thunder, and sometimes they fight most desperate battles. While feeding, they are often scattered over a great surface of country; but when they move, they collect in a mass, and form a thick column that can hardly be turned; and they swim large rivers in the same order. When pursued it is in vain for those to stop who are in front, for if they do, those in the rear will dash forward and force their leaders on. The Indians sometimes profit from this; they lure a herd of bisons to the edge of a precipice, and setting the whole in rapid motion, they terrify them by shooting and other artifices, to rush on to sure destruction. They bring forth in April. The calves seldom leave the mother until a year old. They are sometimes seen with the calves of three years following them. The skins, dressed as they usually are with the hair on, are valuable for robes or blankets; and the woolly hair has sometimes been manufactured into hats, and even into coarse cloths. The bison, though still numerous, is gradually becoming less so, and, like the Indian tribe among them, they will probably soon disappear.

Juvenile Rambler.



City of New-York:

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 3, 1832.

☞ The undersigned have sold to Mr. JAMES D. ARMSTRONG, all right and title to the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK," with all their dues for the same; and they avail themselves of this opportunity to express their gratitude to those friends whose patronage they have enjoyed, and whose future favors they hope will be extended to the present proprietor with equal liberality.

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
THOMAS W. RENNE,

Former Proprietors of the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York."

☞ The undersigned has purchased from WM. T. PORTER & Co. the copy-right of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK," and all dues for the same. To sustain that character which this Paper has heretofore enjoyed among its Patrons, the present proprietor has secured for the editorial department, the labors of one who has largely contributed to its columns since its first publication. No effort or expense will be withheld that can render it worthy the patronage that has thus far sustained it, the continuance of which is most respectfully solicited. JAMES D. ARMSTRONG.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

Going the whole figure on the Elections is the game now playing. The wise ones of both parties are drumming up recruits, while almost every man you meet has risked his next year's wardrobe on the issue of the contest. Some bet on the State—some on the City—others on the General Election. GRANGER (speaking as sportsmen) is the favorite, though many who would bet on him, will bet on the Jackson Electoral Ticket. Pennsylvania and Ohio are subject to bets. Some of the *advised* "go it" with a knowing chuckle, that Pennsylvania is true to the Hickory standard, and bet most readily on the Electoral Vote. Ohio is farther off, and Anti-masonry coming in to influence the election, frightens both sides somewhat, not knowing the extent of its influence.

But betting is all the rage. To express an opinion without the *ready* to back it, would be as heterodox as to advance a theory without an argument to support it. The bets on the City election vary more than all the others. The first bets were even, that the city and county of New-York would give a Jackson majority of 3000. These were considered equal chances, and every possible calculation had been made, and the votes counted by the different Ward Committees. But as the election approaches and the blood gets up, every one seems "going on his own hook," and bets are made on the Jackson majority of one to five thousand, and there are some so sanguine as to make even wagers that CLAY will get the majority. Such are rare however. This system of betting has aroused the energies of the drones of both parties, and many whom we knew were indifferent to the issue, have become heated politicians since they have staked the *kimikles*; and one would think the country in danger to witness their patriotism and hear their appeals, when, in nine times in ten, these noisy roisters are but attempting to secure the "glorious bets" they have risked on their favorites.

Then there are "the ins and the outs," they are all alive to a man. With them the game is "double and quit," and they "stack their rags," and go to it like game ones. Then there are the real disinterested, honest-hearted politicians who would "go their deaths" for opinion's sake, but will not bet a dollar. These constitute the great majority, and they will go to the polls with the resolution to do their duty, and vote for the interest and welfare of their common country.

"THE BEAUTY."—We have never cast our eyes over a more perfectly beautiful newspaper sheet than the *New-York Globe*. It is a most splendid specimen of that "small size medium sheet" which has of late become so popular in Boston. With the politics of the New-York Globe we have no sympathy nor repugnance; but if the spirit of the editorial is preserved in keeping with the mechanical department, it will soon become "the gem" of our city Dailies.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF OUR CITY.—This is the season to visit New-York. Every thing seems buoyant with life. Amusement can be found in every variety of form. The whole city seems to be awakening from that gloom which the events of the past summer had spread over it. No taste can be so refined that it may not be gratified. No anticipations of pleasure that may not be realized. Are you fond of music? The Opera in all its perfection is in waiting to charm you. Have you a *penchant* for the Theatre? Both houses are nightly offering attractions that must satisfy the most judicious. Are the luxuries of the table any temptation? Our splendid Hotels abound with every delicacy that the most fastidious gourmand can desire. Are horses and country excursions your delight? We boast of our Trotters, our Stanhopes, and our magnificent Avenues. Is shooting your forte? Our bays, our islands, and the neighboring covers abound in game of all sorts. Is fashion and its pleasures your delight? Come and mingle with the votaries that throng our streets, and assemble in our drawing-rooms. Is dress your passion? You can gratify it to the minutest detail which the most wayward fancy can suggest. Is a warm welcome and gay companions necessary to your happiness? Here they are found eager to anticipate your every wish.

Who will stay away when such attractions are beckoning our country friends to come and participate in the pleasures, the refinements, and the luxuries that need but their presence to render them the sources of the highest earthly happiness to ourselves and them.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.—During the week our city has been visited by a large number of clergy and laymen of the Episcopal church from all sections of the United States. An interesting debate, which lasted for some days, elicited from several of the most distinguished members of that church an exhibition of eloquence that was listened to by a large auditory with much satisfaction and delight. On Wednesday four Bishops were consecrated. The ceremony took place in St. Paul's church, which was filled to overflowing. It was a most imposing spectacle.

Two political meetings were held in the two *political temples*, Masonic Hall and Tammany Hall, on Monday evening. Both parties claim, with their usual modesty, the honour of having the most crowded house and the most eloquent speeches. We were at neither, but our ears have been dinned with the quotations from the orators of the night by the little gentlemen of both parties, who caught the electric spark and have been ever since playing the torpedo on every luckless wight they could catch by the button.

NEWLY IMPORTED HORSES.—We would call the attention of all those desirous of improving the breed of horses, to the notice in our advertising columns of two celebrated blood horses lately arrived from England. They were imported by WM. JACKSON, Esq., whose enterprise and liberality in procuring these "pure scions of a noble stock" for so laudable an object well merits, the approbation and gratitude of his countrymen. Both horses were exhibited at the Union Course during our late Races, and were universally pronounced most perfect models of the real English racer. The known purity of their stock and their performances at different courses in their native land, give to these fine animals a value that cannot fail to be appreciated by those who are wishing to procure for themselves that quality of horses that are distinguished for strength, speed, and bottom. As such, Hedgford and Autocrat have few equals, and are not surpassed by any in our country.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.—We have been enjoying the most delightful and delicious sunshine the whole past week. 'Tis that season known by the name of Indian summer, and though it has occurred earlier this autumn than usual, it is no less welcome after the direful summer that has passed. Broadway, for the first time since April, has resumed its wonted appearance of gaiety and fashion. 'Tis all your heart is worth to venture there, if perchance, you be a bachelor; and we judge from some instances within our knowledge that there is a danger incurred which the resolution to spend a whole life of prudence and obedience can alone render endurable, or even thought of. Well may we be pardoned for being proud of our beautiful Broadway. In America there is nothing like it, and travellers mostly agree that in many respects it has no equal in Europe.—This is just th[illegible] weather to [illegible] joy this exhilirating walk, and he must be a sad dog who will not confess that he can see more beauty and fashion in an hour's tramp through this street than he ever before saw in his life.

CONCERT AT JERSEY CITY.—We are requested to state, that on Monday evening a Concert of Miscellaneous Music will be given in the Long Room of the house lately occupied by Mr. Van Cleve. From a glance at the Bill and the known talent of the performers, we do not hesitate to recommend the evening's entertainment to the lovers of songs and humorous glees, accompanied by the Piano.

A lad, named Thomas Fought, died of hydrophobia, at the house of his grand-father, in Carlisle, on Monday last. He was, as stated by the Carlisle Herald, bitten severely in the cheek, about three months ago, by a dog believed to be mad. The wound healed up without much trouble, and no farther apprehension was felt on the subject. On Friday week, he was taken ill, and continued gradually to grow worse till Monday morning, when he died.

The poetic effusion of our correspondent "Rip Van Dan Van Winckle" is too strongly spiced with political allusions and individual reflections to comport with that character of neutrality and entire indifference to political subjects which has ever characterised our columns. We must therefore decline inserting it.

Mr. Horn and Miss Hughes gave a concert in Providence on Wednesday night.

The board of Health reported 17 deaths of Cholera in Cincinnati for the 24 hours preceding the 25th ult. at noon.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK.

There has been brought out at this Theatre the past week a play entitled *My Own Lover*. The two principal characters are sustained by Mr. WALLACK and Miss CLARA FISHER. We need hardly say that it was well received, for whatever these highly talented individuals attempt to render attractive, can scarcely fail of becoming such. It is interspersed with a variety of songs and brings into requisition the entire strength of the company. Mr. Wallack, as Don Vincent, gives us a happy illustration of a Spanish Lothario, pursuing in a most reckless manner his pleasures, until he meets the fair Donna Julia disguised as a young gentleman, and professing to be intent on similar pursuits. The gay and dashing Don becomes enamored of Julia on seeing her in the habiliments of her sex, without suspecting her to be the same individual to whom he had just been expatiating on the frailty of her sex. This double character of Julia is sustained with great archness and effect by Miss Fisher,—and she soon involves the wily Don in such a labyrinth of female stratagems, that he not only confesses his love, but what to any but a Spanish heroine would be *quite revolting*, he betrays the secret of his amours with every pretty face and peeping ancle he can put eyes on. Indeed the whole play is peculiarly Spanish, and Mr. Wallack personates the Don in the true Dick Dashall style. His fine person and graceful movement are made conspicuous, and they give to his impudent effrontery rather the character of confidence in his powers for conquest, than the rude bearing of a selfish voluptuary. In this style of character we have no actor in this country that can compete with Mr. Wallack. He, however, displays a wonderful versatility of dramatic talent in following the personation of the dashing Don, by his illustration of the character of the rough, weather-beaten, honest-hearted sailor, in the Adopted Child. This is one of his happiest efforts, and never fails to receive rounds of applause. Notwithstanding the success of the Opera, Mr. Wallack has been complimented with full houses; and the real merit of those plays which he has introduced this season will continue to insure him the admiration and support of his numerous friends.

THE AMERICAN.

Mr. HAMBLIN is not easily outdone in getting up new and attractive plays. His diligence is untiring and his efforts to render his establishment popular, is crowned with signal success. Capt. GLOVER'S "*Cradle of Liberty*," has been brought out this week, and is a decided hit. The scene of this piece is near Boston—time, during the Revolutionary War. Of course, our feelings of patriotism are strongly enlisted in its favor, and the traits of national character exhibited during the performance, renders it both amusing and instructive. Mike Mainsail, by Mr. RAYMOND, is the best character in the play. Mike is a genuine tar of the old school, and he utters his quaint and pithy sayings with all the fearlessness of an American sailor. Miss WARING, as Nab, and Mr. JONES, at Major Lincoln, were well received, and their performance of these novel characters was highly creditable. Miss WARING is fast becoming a favorite at this theatre, and gives ample promise of realizing the expectations which her friends have entertained of her final success. Mr. HAMBLIN certainly deserves credit for the patronage he is continually bestowing on native talent; and the signal prosperity which his establishment has enjoyed, may be attributed in part to his liberality in this respect. Miss VINCENT is a most shining example of the judiciousness of such management, and we trust Miss WARING will become of equal value to the establishment. Mr. BOOTH was announced to appear at the American during the week, but we regret to learn that severe indisposition has prevented his arrival in our city. *The Hunchback* continues to be quite as popular as on its first representation, and Miss VINCENT'S Julia the very best thing she has ever attempted. With a single exception, it is the happiest display of dramatic power that we have seen for the last twelvemonth; and we cannot invite our friends to a more intellectual treat, in the theatrical way, than to ask their attendance at the American, the next evening *The Hunchback* is performed.

The following anecdote has, we believe, never before been in print;—at least, we have it direct from a gentleman who heard the King relate it, and who himself thinks it has never been more than orally told. It is truly a gem of price.—*Kingston (U. C.) Patriot.*

In 1805, King George III. reviewed the Regiment of Artillery at Woolwich. While the troops were passing in review order, some conversation which passed between the King, the Duke of York, and Lord Chatham, on the subject of Irish ready wit, elicited the following anecdote from His Majesty.

"When General O'Hara commanded at Gibraltar, he found it necessary to issue an order that no person should gallop his horse in the streets, as from their narrowness it became dangerous to the inhabitants. Soon after, as he was walking down the town, he perceived a man, coming towards him on horseback as hard as he could drive. The General roared out, 'Stop!—who the devil are you?' The man reined up and putting his hand to his hat, answered, 'Plaze your honor, I am Patrick Mahoney *on a runaway horse*.'"

A beautiful service of plate has been presented by the different insurance companies of New-Orleans, to Capt. Tatnall, of the U. S. schr. Grampus, now in that port, complimentary of his services in giving protection to the commerce of the Bay of Mexico.

WHALE SHIP.—The Vermont, a fine ship, and the first fitted out by the Poughkeepsie Whaling Company, took her departure on Monday for a three years voyage in the Pacific, under a national salute from an eminence adjacent to the village of Poughkeepsie.

UNRIVALLED SPEED.—The passengers that left New-York this morning by the Camden and Amboy rail-road line, at six o'clock, arrived at ten minutes before three; and the passengers that left Baltimore this morning at half past six, arrived at three o'clock—making the passage from N. York to Baltimore in 17 hours and 2 minutes.—*Philad. paper.*

Mr. Parkins, a surgeon in London, ascribes the Cholera to the absence of carbonic acid in the stomach and intestines, and recommends carbon as a remedy. Carbonic acid, and recently prepared charcoal, he asserts, are the most certain medicines for the disease in all its stages. Many will remember the successful practice of Doctor Ayres of Montreal, whose remedy was charcoal and maple sugar. Whether there is any soundness in Dr. Parkins' suggestion, of course we are unable to say, but there is a curious coincidence in the practice of Dr. Ayres and the theory of Dr. Parkins.

HOW TO LIE IN STYLE.—A young gentleman, occasionally addicted to embellishing in the act of story-telling, was boasting, in a large party, of exploits in Persia, when attached to the embassy there, and of the favors he received from the Court of Ispahan. Amongst other marvellous acts of munificence bestowed on him, he related that the Persian monarch had on one occasion presented him with a bed and all its furniture complete, decorated with the most precious and costly articles that oriental taste and magnificence could supply. Sapphires, amethysts, topazes, rubies, beryls, emeralds, opals, onyxes, &c. &c. slipped from his flippant tongue,—all which this wonderful bed (given to him solely for his meritorious services,) was decked and studded with. An old gentleman, who had gravely listened to the hero's account, inquired whether he still had this superb bed? He was answered in the affirmative. 'Do you sleep in it?' continued the sarcastic inquirer. 'Oh yes, frequently,' was the reply. 'Then sir,' rejoined the old querist, 'you LIE in great style.'—*Exeter News-Letter.*

A Madagascar bat, measuring four feet from the tip of one wing to the extremity of the other, usually known as the Vampyre Bat, is now exhibiting at Boston.

A "SMASH!"—The Port Carbon Gazette contains the following account of a *fracas* in that neighborhood among the coal waggons. Those who saw the machines in motion must have remembered,—if they ever read it,—Milton's account of the "wheels instinct with fire."

Yesterday morning, about six o'clock, a train of loaded cars went down the lateral rail-road, leading from a mine of Col. Samuel P. Wetherell to the Mill Creek rail-road, without horse or attendant. Near the town they encountered a train of ascending waggons, with tremendous concussion. The driver of the latter escaped unhurt, but lost his horse. Most of the waggons were crushed. A spectator says that the descending waggons left a streak of fire along the road, and that the shock was like thunder—fragments of the shattered waggons being hurled into the air, and the road strewed with ruins. This destruction of property proceeded, as we learn, from inattention.

USE OF PHRENOLOGY.

Away with all doubt and misgiving,
Now lovers must woo by the book—
There's an end to all trick and deceiving,
No man can be caught by a look.
Bright eyes or a love-breeding dimple
No longer their witchery fling;
That lover indeed must be simple
Who yields to so silly a thing.

No more need we fly the bright glances
Whence Cupid shot arrows of yore:
To skulls let us limit our fancies
And love by the bumps we explore!
Oh, now we can tell in a minute
What fate will be ours when we wed:
The heart has no passion within it
That is not engraved on the head.

The first time I studied the science
With Jane, and I cannot tell how,
'Twas not till the eve of alliance
I caught the first glimpse of her brow.
CAUSALITY finely expanding,
The largest I happened to see;
Such argument's far too commanding,
Thought I, to be practised on me.

Then Laura came next, and each feature
As mild as an angel's appears;
I ventured, the sweet little creature,
To take a peep over her ears;
DESTRUCTIVENESS, terrible omen,
Most vilely developed did lie!
(Though perhaps it is common in women,
And hearts may be all they destroy.)

The ORGAN OF SPEECH was in Fanny:
I shudder'd—'twas terribly strong!
Then fled, for I'd rather than any
Than that to my wife should belong.
I next turned my fancy to Mary—
She swore she loved nothing but me:
How the look and the index could vary!
For nought but SELF-LOVE did I see.

LOCALITY, slily betraying
In Helen a passion to roam,
Spoke such predilection for straying—
Thought I—she'll be never at home
Oh some were so low in the forehead,
I never could settle my mind;
While others had all that was horrid
In terrible swellings behind.

At length 'twas my lot to discover
The finest of skulls, I believe,
To please or to puzzle a lover,
That Spurzheim or Gall could conceive.
'Twould take a whole age to decipher
The bumps upon Emily's head;
So I said, I will settle for life here,
And study them after we're wed.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE has stated to those with whom he is intimate in London, that it is his intention to reside in England, and if possible to get an act of denizenship. He has taken a large house—a very handsome one—23 South Crescent, Hyde Park, and is in treaty for a magnificent estate in the vicinity of Brentwood, in the county of Essex. Rumor, as usual, has sent forth a thousand conjectures relating to his motives in visiting Europe; and it has been said, that on the 31st August, an envoy extraordinary from the court of Spain delivered to His Majesty an autograph letter, containing a solicitation to remove the Ex-King from England, and a remonstrance in the event of a refusal.—*Jour. of Com.*

HOP, STEP AND JUMP.—One of the most astonishing feats of this kind ever heard of in the annals of gymnastics, was performed lately at the Innerleithan Border Games, by James Denholm. At a running hop, step and jump, he cleared upon level ground not less than *forty-five feet nine inches*. Fifty years may elapse before such another feat is accomplished.

Indeed, we never heard of any thing like it, if we except the matchless leaping feats of Ireland and Professor Wilson, the latter of whom, a good many years ago, performed upon a dead level, fifteen yards and a half at hop, step and jump. Ireland's exploit did not exceed the Professor's by above a few inches; but Ireland was in the habit of jumping, and was allowed to be the best leaper that was ever known.—*Glasgow Courier.*

IRISH SNAKES.—A gentleman called at our office last Friday, with a female snake, three feet three inches in length, which was killed the day before in a field at Milecross, near Newtonards, by two boys, sons of Mr. Bradshaw. It is of the species known to naturalists as the common English snake, and is, we believe, perfectly innoxious. These snakes are very numerous in certain districts in England; but, thanks to St. Patrick, they have, till lately, been totally unknown in the Isle of Saints. They have, however, recently been seen in different parts of the county of Down; and their appearance has been variously accounted for; some alarmists going the length of affirming that they, with the prevailing pestilence, are only a foretaste of the unhappy fruits to be derived from that horrible measure, the Reform Bill. The futility of the popular belief that snakes cannot live in our blessed land has been most fully demonstrated; as the one shown to us had not only lived here, but showed its capability of propagating its species—several large eggs having been found in its ovarium.

Belfast Chronicle.

Joachim Antonio was arraigned yesterday in the U. S. Circuit Court upon three indictments for murder on board the Portuguese brig Triumpho, to all which he pleaded Not Guilty.

Boston Atlas.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—About ten days ago, a man in York county, Penn., named Jacob Welshoffer died, and a messenger was despatched to invite his brother George, who lived in Harrisburg, to attend his funeral. The messenger met at an intervening town a messenger from Harrisburg, who had been deputed by the friends of his brother there, to proceed to York county, and inform Jacob of the death of George. It appeared that the two brothers had been called to another world within ten minutes of each other. *Ib.*

NEW HAVEN, Conn. Oct. 9th. About 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, a large fish hawk alighted on the spire or flagstaff of the observatory on the top of the Tontine, with a good sized fish, of the species called blue-fish, in his claws, which he had provided for his daily repast, from whence he was shot through the body. The fish was taken up alive, and only escaped being eaten raw by the feathered biped, to be well broiled for the breakfast of the "biped without feathers." He measured between the tips of his wings five feet four inches.

FRIDAY, October 26.—A throng of females, of which six were supposed to have been originally white, and seven others whose dusky hue was obviously native, were ushered in by watchmen. The majority of them had been married, but were now unprotected. 'Twere long to tell how some had been bereaved, and some deserted, and some left from the first to bewail neglected charms. One solace, however, remained. They could occasionally withdraw from the world, and forget their woes in social intercourse over the flowing bowl "where heart meets heart, and friendship knows no bound." To this end they had assembled the night before, at a place of tasteful seclusion, known as the Five Points, where their mirth, which, sooth to say had waxed obstreperous, was turned to wailing, by the guardians of the night. They accepted an invitation to share the hospitality of the Penitentiary for sixty days.

THE DOOMED ONE.—The carriage of Prince Talleyrand, on his way from Compeigne to Paris, was overturned with great violence at some distance from Bourbon l'Archambault. The Prince was not hurt. It would have been a pitiful ending of the intrigues of the celebrated Prince's Priest, had he died the death of an unredeemed ass, by the tumbling of a chaise; but Talleyrand was not so fated. It is singular that those who in their lives run the greatest risks, for the most part find their death in peace and quietness while those whom few circumstances of danger seem to threaten, not unfrequently fall victims to accidental violence. The fiery Cromwell, after all his hair breadth 'scapes, was the victim of a late fever, while the meek and peaceful Hampden fell in his first field. In the present instance, while the aged statesman suffered no harm, a female, the sister of the well known Poniatowski, who was in the carriage, was so severely injured that her life was despaired of.

DRESS.—There is not an hour in the day in which a man so much likes to see his wife dressed with neatness as when she leaves her bedroom, and sits down to breakfast. At any other moment, vanity stimulates her efforts at the toilette, for she expects to be seen; but at this retired and early hour, it is for the very sake of cleanliness, for the very [illegible] of pleasing her husband, that she thus appears neat and nice. Some one says, a woman should never appear untidily or badly dressed in the presence of her husband. While he was a lover, what a sad piece of business if he caught her dressed to disadvantage. "Oh dear, there he is, and my hair all in papers; and this frightful unbecoming cap! I had no idea he would have been here so early—let me off to my toilette!" But now that he is your husband, dear me, what consequence! My object is gained, my efforts to win him, and all my little manœuvres to captivate, have been successful, and it is very hard if a woman is to pass her life in endeavoring to please her husband! I remember greatly admiring a lady who lived among the mountains, and scarcely saw any one but her husband. She was rather a plain woman—and yet when she sat to breakfast each morning, and all the day long, her extreme neatness, and the attention to the niceness of her appearance, made her quite an agreeable object, and her husband loved her, and would look at her with more pleasure than at a pretty woman, dressed soiled and untidy, for, believe me, those things (though your husband appears not to notice them, nor perhaps is he conscious of the cause,) strongly possess the power of pleasing or displeasing.—[Whisper to a new married couple.]

THE PRESS.—Whatever difference of political opinion may exist between public journalists, it can afford no valid reason for the employment of reproachful, personal, and disrespectful terms, in newspaper contests. Let opposing editors differ on broad political grounds—let positions be defended or attacked—assumptions maintained or refuted—all may be accomplished in that spirit of courtesy, which should regulate the intercourse between men and citizens. For ourselves, we cannot mingle party predilections with personal feelings, in such a manner as to embitter and poison the natural spirit of regard in which we wish to hold our fellow men. Life, at best, is not all sunshine—and he is an enemy to its enjoyments, who darkens that which is, of itself, sufficiently sombre, by reproaches—by ribald invective—and by personal abuse—which is seldom remembered, beyond the period of its employment, without sorrow and regret. If, in the violent political struggle now raging, it behoves every editor to bestir himself for his country and her interests, it is equally incumbent upon him to perform the duty in such wise, as to reflect no disgrace upon his profession, and to keep up that amiable—at least, creditable, *esprit du corps*, of which no honorable supervisor of a public press will ever lose sight.—*Prov. Journal.*

STEAM-BOAT CASE.—The trial of the case of the Fulton Steam-Boat Company *vs.* Abraham Voorhis, James Perkins, James Hill, and John Voorhis, owners of the steam-boat Chancellor Livingston, to recover damages for running down the Washington, off New-Haven, in May, 1831, came on before the Superior Court in this city last week. The examination of witnesses occupied a day and a half, and the testimony was highly conflicting as to the relative position of the boats previous to collision. The jury, on Saturday morning, brought in a verdict of $30,000 for the plaintiffs, being about half the estimated value of the boat. Counsel for plaintiffs, Messrs. S. P. Staples, Ogden Hoffman, and J. B. Staples—for defendant, Messrs. D. B. Ogden, J. Foote, J. Talcott, and J. B. Leveridge.

M. D. RICHARDSON.—There was a report in town as early as Monday last, that young Richardson, (a son of Judge R.) the talented and promising editor of the Sumpter Whig, was dead, and buried on Friday last. The intelligence was conveyed to us as having come from a traveller, who witnessed the funeral as he passed through the village. Hoping there might have been some mistake as to the name, we gave but little currency to the rumor. There is now, we regret to learn, but too much reason to believe that the earthly career of this accomplished young gentleman has been prematurely ended by the ruthless destroyer. None of the particulars have yet been communicated.—*Carolina Gazette.*

FRESCO-PAINTING.—We are glad to find that the Fresco-painting for the altar view of the new Catholic Church in Thirteenth street, is nearly completed by Mr. Monachesi. This will be the first specimen of purely fresco-painting in the United States. The subject is original, founded on the first three or four verses of the eighth chapter of Revelations. Judging of this painting by what is already done, it bids fair to distinguish its author as an artist of genuine merit, who has studied successfully the immortal productions of an Angelo and a Raphael. In his native city, fresco is a style which it is dangerous for mediocrity to attempt. Mistakes are irreparable, as it does not admit of being POLISHED OR RETOUCHED; it must excel by the first effort, or it fails. Notwithstanding this, we have reason to believe that the production alluded to will exhibit evidence of genius by its conception, and in its execution reflect the highest credit on the talents of its author. *U. S. Gazette.*

MAD BULLOCK.—Yesterday afternoon, as we sat writing at our window, (editors of the Cincinn. Daily Advertiser) we saw a bullock come up Front street, and turn on to the public landing, pursued by about fifteen or twenty, mostly boys. He had a rope attached to his horns, which trailed after him fifty or sixty feet. As soon as he got on to the landing, a crowd collected immediately, and annoyed the poor animal with every kind of missile they could lay their hands upon. They thought to prevent his pursuing them, by making the rope fast to a plank—but the enraged animal, goaded to perfect madness, turned upon his tormentors—and killed one man, and wounded another.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

Foreign and Domestic.

GREAT MATCH RACE.

REFORM *vs.* JEMIMA WILKINSON.

We learn from the Washington papers of the 1st inst. that our friend L. DIXON, Esq. proposes to run the celebrated horse Reform against the beautiful Jemima Wilkinson, long considered one of the best "goers" on our Turf. Mr. D. says he will run a Match Race over the Washington City Course, for $1,000, 4 mile heats, the race to be decided by the Washington Jockey Club,—or, he will also wager $500 extra, if Reform is permitted to run over the Port-Tobacco Course. Reform is not at present owned by Mr. Dixon, though he is sanguine of procuring him for the match, if the owner of Jemima, Mr. Burch, will accept the challenge. The horse was raised by Mr. Tolson of Md. and has never been out of the State, yet he is considered a nag of such promise, that his speed and bottom will be cheerfully backed by his numerous friends. As both parties entertain such high hopes of their respective favorites, and confident anticipations of success, we doubt not our friends at Washington will enjoy fine sport on the occasion of their meeting.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.—The Races over this Course will commence on the second Tuesday in November.

First Day—Purse of 100 dollars, 2 mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $200, 3 mile heats.

Third Day—A sweepstake for colts and fillies, three years old, $25 entrance. And a purse of $75, one mile heats,—free for all horses carrying weight for age. Also a Trotting purse of $100 3 mile heats, free as above.

CENTRAL COURSE RACES.

TUESDAY, OCT. 25.

Third day, Proprietor's Purse $500, two mile heats.

Mr. Tayloe's ch. h. Tichicus,	5	1	1
Gen. Irvine's gr. h. Lara,	4	2	2
Mr. Stevens' ch. m. Celeste,	1	4	3
Mr. Craig's ch. m. Lady Relief,	6	6	4
Mr. Hatcher's bl. m. Bonny Black,	2	3	5
Mr. Botts' b. m. Jemima,	3	5	6
Mr. Selden's b. f. Fanny Kemble,	dis.		

Time, 1st heat, 3m. 54s.—2d heat, 3m. 53s.—3d heat, 3m. 55s.

Fourth day, Jockey Club Purse $1000, 4 mile heats.

Col. Johnson's Annette,	3	4	1	1
R. F. Stockton's Miss Mattie,	1	5	5	2
J. C. Stevens' O'Kelly,	6	1	4	3
Col. Wynn's Malcolm,	2	6	2	
	ruled out			
Mr. Taylor's Pizarro,	4	3	3	
	ruled out			
Gen. Irvine's Busiris,	5	2	drawn	

Time, 1st heat, 8m. 4s.—2d heat, 7m. 59s.—3d heat, 8m. 8s.—4th heat, 8m. 12s.

Won by a few inches.

THE MILLEDGEVILLE RACES.

The races over the Milledgeville Course commenced on Tuesday the 16th ult., and continued five days.

First Day—Mr. J. J. Harrison's b. h. Baron De Kalb, 5 years old, by Arab, dam by Virginia, and Mr. T. H. D. Vanlandingham's s. h. Little John, 6 years old, by Muckle John, dam by Gallatin: were started for a silver cup and entrance, mile heats—De Kalb came out ahead with great ease, but was reported distanced, by running in at two corners—time, 2m 1-2s.

Second Day—Colts race—two mile heats—purse $220—Mr. M. J. Kenans's ch. s. h. Henry, 4 years old, by Rolla, dam by Janus; Messrs Hamilton & Howard's g. f. Mary Stubbs, 3 years old, by Sir Andrew, dam by Durec—Mr. Harrisons s. f. Tube Rose, 4 years old, by Arab, dam by Bellair; and Mr. J. H. Pickens br. h. Chance, 4 years old, by Whip, dam unknown; were started. The 1st and 2d heats were taken by Tube Rose, with apparent ease, time—1st heat, 4m. 17 1-2s.—2d heat, 4m. 17s.

Third Day—Three mile heats—purse $275—Mr. Vanlandingham's s. h. Mucklejohn, dam by Potomac, and Mr. Harrison's s. h. Festival, 4 years old, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, and Mr. M. C. Ligon's g. h. Brother Bob, 5 years old, by Mucklejohn, dam unknown—were started. The 1st and 2d heats were taken by Festival: time—1st heat, 6m. 16s.—2d heat, 6m. 31s.

Fourth Day—Four mile heats—purse $375—Mr. Seymore R. Bonner's ch. s. h. Redgauntlet, 6 years old, by Sumpter, dam by imported Archer; Mr. Harrison's s. m. Flora McIvor, 6 years old, by Director, dam by Gallatin, and Mr. Ligon's b. h. Cannibal 4 years old by Mucklejohn, dam by Oscar, were started; Redgauntlet came out ahead the 1st and 2d heats, but his rider was reported as riding foul, and the 2d heat was given to Flora McIvor, the next best nag—they all started again. Redgauntlet taking the lead, until the 3d round, when Cannibal came up and seemed to pass with ease, taking the 3d heat; they again started for the 4th and last heat, Flora McIvor taking the lead, the third round Cannibal refused to go any farther, and stopt still in the track, and was reported distanced; Flora McIvor came out ahead, and thus decided this hard contested Race. Time, 1st heat, 8m. 22 1-2s.—2d heat 8m. 29 1-2s—3d heat, 8m. 31s.—4th heat, 8m. 32s.

Fifth Day—Mile heats—three best in five—purse $200—Handicap—Mr. Wm H. Puryear's b. m. Huldaware, 5 years old, by Sir Andrew, dam by Oscar; Mr. Pickens br. h. Chance, and Mr. Vanlandingham's s. h. Mucklejohn, were started; the 1st heat was taken by Chance; the 4th and 5th by Mucklejohn, and in making the 1st turn of the last heat this unfortunate horse fell when little or no doubt was entertainad of his success; the heat was taken by Chance, terminating the race in his favor. Time, 1st heat, 1m. 56s—2d heat, 2m. 1s.—3d heat, 1m. 59s—4th heat, 2m. 1s.—5th heat, 1m. 57s—6th heat 2m. 2s.

SPORTING IN PERSIA.

On passing a limb of the chain of hills which takes its direction from the great cone of Demawend, the sportsmen entered upon a small plain, in the immediate entrance of which the chief huntsman had taken post with his dogs; and as the royal procession advanced, he flung himself from his horse, and making the usual low inclination of the body, gave the information he had acquired concerning the game. He proposed first to pass an hour of the morning in hawking the red-legged partridge among the rocky crests of the hills; and as the sun acquired strength, to seek the wild ass deeper in the recesses of the mountains, where he had posted several relays of dogs, entrusted to the care of experienced peasants.

This being acceded to, the Shah immediately called for his favorite hawk, a native of the Germeseer, or Hot Countries, which took a post upon the royal wrist, the eye of the animal being almost eclipsed by the superior animation of that of the man. The young prince was allowed to manage and fly a hawk; a favored few also took possession of hawks, but none dared venture to cross the king's path, or to hazard a flight in his direction.

The sport began with the greatest success; and he who, a few minutes before, was, as it were, stiffened into all the dignity and exclusiveness of majesty, was now seen throwing himself headlong into the chase with all the eagerness of a schoolboy. The hills and the plain now resounded with cries: in one place was the hawksman, with his head erect, tracing through the air the progress of his bird, which he had just slipped in pursuit of some frightened object of game, in another, was seen a sportsman, hawk on wrist, riding at the greatest speed of his horse to where he expected to start; and again, on the pinnacle of some far-away rock, might be discerned the intelligent hawksman calling back his truant bird, by the well known cry peculiar to him, or waving in the air the decoy to entice him back to his perch. Through all these different gradations of the sport did the tyrant of Persia pass, during the one or two hours that it lasted; and when at length his huntsman in chief announced that it was time to seek for nobler sport, he retreated to another horse, which was now in waiting for him; whilst the Gholams were sent in pursuit of the stragglers, to draw them again to their respective places near the royal person. * *

Having advanced well into the recesses of the mountains, which reared their rude crests ever and anon into the most fantastic shapes; apparently forbidding the horseman's approach, or appalling his audacity; at length a cry was heard, loud and shrill, repeated from different stations on the rocks, 'Goor khur! goor khur!' (the ass! the wild ass!) And, sure enough, some two or three of these beautiful and independent animals were seen quietly feeding in the very bottom of a deep ravine, apparently unmindful of their surrounding assailants. The old Chief of the Hunt came up in breathless haste, this time regardless of all ceremony, to where the Shah was posted, to inform him of the fact, and to point whither it ought to be their object to drive the game, in order that it might fall in with the different relays of dogs which had been posted in the mountains, and without which it would be in vain to attempt to tire the almost unconquerable activity and bottom of these beasts. The Shah immediately yielded a quick and eager assent, and without loss of time rode in the prescribed direction.

With great wariness and skill the huntsman got the wind of the game, and then, being within two or three hundred yards of them, slipped from the couples two of the swiftest and strongest greyhounds. The beasts no sooner heard the noise of the hunt, than with head and ears erect, crest up, snorting aloud the nervousness of their activity, they bounded off a few paces—then stopped—then bounded a few more—stopped, and turned front on their pursuers, when, as if disdaining all pursuit, they suffered the dogs to approach within a few yards, and then darted off at a speed which left imagination far behind. Having gained an immense advance, as if in derision of their pursuers, they stopped and even fed; when the same flight was again repeated, and again and again terminated with success.

It was now that the well known prowess of the Persian horsemen might be remarked. No ascent, however steep—no descent, however rapid, seems to stop them; but urging their bold and sure-footed horses over every impediment, they keep way with the dogs, in a manner that no one could believe who had not seen them. Among the foremost of these rode the king himself, with eager eye, in the direction of the chase, bearing in one hand his Georgian gun, and with the other directing his horse, with a quickness and dexterity worthy of any mountain chief. Close to the royal person rode the young prince his nephew, reckless of every danger, only anxious to be foremost, and distressed that he might not precede his uncle. He also had taken his gun in hand, for as the chase had now ascended to the rocky summits, he might have a better chance of bringing down his game with it than with his spear, which could only be used in the plain. The goors had now been chased by two relays of dogs, and still no symptoms of tire or faintness were seen; they had carried their pursuers to the very summit of the most stupendous heights, near to which only some three or four horsemen had ventured to pursue them; the rest either remained behind, or were toiling up the rocks and ravines, but so disposed that the whole scene was kept in full view by all the party. A suspension of all exertion seemed to have taken place, when a quadruped was seen to take post on the very apex of a triangular rock, which formed the summit of the highest mountain, cutting the blue sky with its form. At that moment a shot was fired—the animal still kept its post; a second after, another was discharged—and lo! down it fell from its proud height, falling prone into a yawning precipice, and bounding from rock to rock, from projection to projection, until it alighted almost at the very feet of the Shah himself. An universal shout of approbation from a thousand uplifted voices was immediately heard, which resounded in a thousand echoes through the deep recesses of the mountains.—*Zohrab the Hostage.*

A man named Adamson was killed on the rail road between Frederick and Monocasy on the 17th. The unfortunate man is said to have been lying asleep in the road, *with his head resting on the rails*, at the moment the car from the Point of Rocks was coming in. The driver not seeing him in time to prevent the accident, the wheel passed over his head, and at once deprived him of life.

SYNONYMY.

A Frenchman, who English would learn,
Got hold of a dictionary,
But had not the sense to discern
How the meanings of words often vary:
He found that "to squeeze" and "to press"
Were both pretty much the same thing;
So thus he a friend did address—
"Pray squeeze that young lady to sing."
Like most of the French, he was not
At trifles accustomed to stickle;
Soon in a fresh hobble he got,
For he thought "to preserve" was "to pickle;"
So thus he took leave at the door—
"To see you, dear Lady, I glad am,
And till we meet happy once more,
Kind Providence pickle you, madam."

CAPITAL ANECDOTE OF BLAKE, THE PAINTER. Blake, who always saw in fancy every form he drew, believed that angels descended to painters of old, and sat for their portraits. When he himself sat to Phillips, for that fine portrait, so beautifully engraved by Schiavonetti, that painter, in order to obtain the most unaffected attitude, and the most poetic expression, engaged his sister in a conversation concerning the sublime in art. "We hear much," said Phillips, "of the grandeur of Michael Angelo; from the engravings, I should say that he has been overrated; he could not paint an angel so well as Raphael." "He has not been overrated, Sir," said Blake, "and he could paint an angel better than Raphael." "Well, but," said the other, "you never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo; and perhaps speak from the opinions of others; your friends may have deceived you." "I never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo," replied Blake; "but I speak from the opinion of a friend who could not be mistaken." "A valuable friend, truly," said Phillips; "and who may he be, I pray;" "The arch-angel Gabriel, Sir," answered Blake. "A good authority, surely; but you know evil spirits love to assume the looks of good ones; and this may have been done to mislead you." "Well now, Sir," said Blake, "this is really singular; such were my own suspicions; but they were soon removed. I was one day reading Young's Night Thoughts, and when I came to that passage which asks, Who can paint an angel? I closed the book and cried, 'Aye! who can paint an angel?' A voice in the room answered, 'Michael Angelo could.' 'And how do you know?' I said, looking round me; but I saw nothing, save a greater light than usual. 'I know,' said the voice, 'for I sat to him; I am the arch-angel Gabriel.' 'Oho!' I answered, 'you are, are you? I must have better assurance than that of a wandering voice; you may be an evil spirit; there are such in the land.' 'You shall have good assurance,' said the voice; 'can an evil spirit do this?' I looked whence the voice came, and was then aware of a shining shape, with bright wings, who diffused much light. As I looked, the shape dilated more and more; he waved his hands, the roof of my study opened; he ascended into heaven; he stood in the sun, and beckoning to me, moved the universe. An angel of evil could not have done that—it was the arch-angel Gabriel." The painter marvelled much at this wild story; but he caught, from Blake's looks, as he related it, that rapt and poetic expression, which has rendered his portrait one of the finest of the English school.

NEW EDITION. A report of the loss of the whale ship, John Adams, of this port, has for some time been going the rounds. When it first reached this place it caused some anxiety, although accounts from the ship of a date, but two days prior to the time of her reported loss, proved her to be many days' sail from the spot at which the accident was said to have happened. It was possible that there might be some mistake in dates, and that the story was true. It is now ascertained that the whole is a malicious fiction, invented no doubt, by a deserter from the ship. We give the following from the Halifax Journal, as the best edition of the story we have seen. Our readers in this place will see that the SOLE survivor, after all, turns out to be 'six men in buckram.'

Nantucket Paper.

SINKING OF A SHIP BY A WHALE. A young man who arrived here in the schr. Loon, from St. John's N. F. states that he is one of six persons, survivors of the crew of the American whale-ship, John Adams, Capt. Clark of Nantucket, which vessel was sunk on the 28th of July last, off Fayal.—The particulars he gives as follows: He was one of the boat's crew that struck the fish, about a quarter of a mile from the ship; that it sounded, shortly after rose and made for her stern, she then lying to, and struck her several times, when they cut the line in the boat and pulled alongside the ship, but being much confused and alarmed, let go and drifted astern, that in a few minutes, there being a heavy sea, the ship fell over on her side and sunk, carrying with her the Captain and remainder of the crew, consisting of 16 persons—all the other boats being lashed at the time. About 12 hours after they were picked up by the American whale ship Orbit, and landed at Pico, from thence they proceeded to Fayal, where he left his companions. The chief mate was among those saved.

CLAVERING'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

He says that in 1793 he went to Scotland on purpose to see Burns.

"It was now about four in the afternoon of an autumn day. While we were talking Mrs. Burns, as if accustomed to entertain visitors in this way, brought in a bowl of Scotch whiskey, set the table, and laid on pipes and tobacco; I heartily accepted this hospitality. I could not help observing the curious glance with which he watched me, at the entrance of this signal of homely entertainment. He was satisfied: he filled our glasses; "Here's a health to auld Caledonia!" the fire sparkled in his eye, and mine sympathetically met his! He shook my hand with warmth, and we were friends at once. Then he drunk, "Erin for ever!" and the tear of delight burst from his eye!

The fountain of his mind and his heart now opened at once, and flowed with abundant force almost till midnight. He had amazing acuteness of intellect, as well as glow of sentiment. I do not deny that he said some absurd things, and many coarse ones, and that his knowledge was very irregular, and sometimes too presumptuous; and that he did not endure contradiction with sufficient patience. His pride—and perhaps vanity—was even morbid. I carefully avoided topics in which he could not take an active part. Of literary gossip he knew nothing, and therefore I kept aloof from it:—in the technical parts of literature his opinions were crude and uninformed; but whenever he spoke of a great writer, whom he had read, his taste was generally sound. To a few minor writers, he gave more credit than they deserved. His great beauty was his manly strength, and his energy and elevation of thought and feeling. He had always a full mind; and all flowed from a general spring. I never conversed with a man who appeared to be more warmly impressed with the beauties of nature; and visions of female beauty and tenderness seemed to transport him. He did not merely appear to be a poet at casual intervals; but at every moment a poetical enthusiasm seemed to beat in his veins; and he lived all his days the inward, if not the outward, life of a poet.

I thought I perceived in Burns' cheek the symptoms of an energy, which had been pushed too far; and he had this feeling himself. Every now and then he spoke of the grave as soon about to close over him. His dark eye had at first a character of sternness; but as he became warmed, though this did not entirely melt away, it was mingled with changes of extreme softness.

The character of Burns, like that of his writings, was totally free from all fictitious force. Manly as he was, I think that tenderness was the leading quality of heart and head."

* * * * * * * *

The extreme vivacity and elasticity of Burns' imagination made him full of eloquence when excited in conversation by any one whose apparent sympathy won his confidence. He was sometimes a little too violent, which habitual intimacy with more educated ranks would have corrected. The same qualities which gave him all the fire and tenderness of the muse, caused alternately his happiness and his sufferings, in his daily intercourse with life. His raptures were never feigned: he always looked upon earth and its scenery and existences, and all the changing hues of nature and the heavens with a poet's eye.

It was a serene autumnal afternoon when I sat at his table, but as evening began to close in, the wind arose, and at night we heard the squall over the roof and among the trees. I observed by Burns' countenance that his mind worked so, as I predicted must by middle age exhaust any frame. Intervals of languor were even then apparent.

Burns was a sort of male coquet; his desire to please women and to gain their notice never slept; and on this subject he betrayed too much vanity in his conversation. He found beauty in many of those to whom he paid attention, which was solely created by his own imagination. His earnestness of manner, and the power of his eye, made him a general favorite with females. Many of his songs were on the lips and in the heart of every Caledonian nymph. The knowledge of this fact seemed to please him more than any other object of his ambition."

The Metropolitan.

THE UNFORTUNATE POLES.—Several of the gallant but ill-fated soldiers of Poland have already reached, and others are daily expected on our shores. They come stripped of every thing but honor, and the will, by the labor of their hands, to "minister to their own necessities." Ignorant, however, of our language, they can find no employment; and it therefore becomes incumbent, it seems to us, upon our benevolent citizens to devise some systematic plan of relief and provision for these sufferers in Freedom's holy cause. We hear with pleasure that the gentlemen composing the committee who had the distribution of the funds raised to aid the struggle of Poland, are about to convene in order to suggest some plan. We hope they will succeed in doing so—and soon.

American.

GRATITUDE.—A celebrated advocate, being on the point of death, made his will and bequeathed all his wealth to idiots and lunatics. On being asked the reason, he replied that he wished to return his riches to those from whom he had drawn them.

SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

On the 30th of December, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. A. came down stairs into the drawing-room, which she had only a few minutes before quitted, and on entering the room she saw her husband, as she supposed, standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out to take a walk about an hour before, she was surprised to see him there, and asked him why he had returned so soon. The figure looked steadfastly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but did not speak.—Supposing that his mind was absorbed in thought, she sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within two feet at most of the figure, which she still saw standing before her. As its eyes, however, still continued to be fixed on her, she said, after the lapse of a few moments, "Why don't you speak——?" The figure immediately moved towards the window at the farther end of the room, with its eyes still gazing on her, and it passed so very close to her in doing so, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor even any agitation in the air. Although she was now convinced that the figure was not her husband, yet she never for a moment supposed it was any thing supernatural, and was soon convinced it was a spectral illusion. About a month after this occurred, Mrs. A., who had taken a somewhat fatiguing drive during the day, was preparing to go to bed, about eleven o'clock at night, and sitting before the dressing-glass, was occupied in arranging her hair. She was in a listless and drowsy state of mind, but fully awake. When her fingers were in active motion among the papillotes, she was suddenly started by seeing in the mirror, the face of a near relation, who was then in Scotland, and in perfect health. The apparition appeared over her left shoulder, and its eyes met hers in the glass. It was enveloped in grave-clothes, closely pinned, as is usual with corpses, round the head and under the chin, and though the eyes were open, the features were solemn and rigid. The dress was evidently a shroud, as Mrs. A. remarked even the punctured pattern usually worked in a peculiar manner round the edges of that garment. Mrs. A. described herself as at the time sensible of a feeling like what we conceive fascination, compelling her for a time, to gaze on the apparition, which was as distinct and vivid as any reflected reality could be, the light of the candle upon the dressing table appearing to shine full upon its face. After a few minutes, she turned round to look for the reality of the form over her shoulder; but it was not visible, and it had also disappeared from the glass when she looked again in that direction. On the 26th of the same month, about 2 P. M., Mrs. A. was sitting in a chair by the window in the same room with her husband. He heard her exclaim, "What have I seen?" And on looking at her, he observed a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. A carriage and four had appeared to her to be driving up the entrance road to the house. As it approached she felt inclined to go up stairs and receive company, but as if spell bound, she was unable to move or speak. The carriage approached, and as it arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postillions and the persons inside take the ghastly appearance of skeletons and other hideous figures. The whole then vanished entirely, when she uttered the above-mentioned exclamation.—SIR D. BREWSTER.

PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS.

Mr. Archibald Anchory, contrary to the advice of the Medical Faculty and Board of Health, had cabbage for his dinner; if was his favorite vegetable—for he was a tailor. In this there appears nothing strange, but at the time, people had, from eating half a peach or a slice of melon, died of severe spasms. What then could Mr. Archibald Anchory expect?—he having ate heartily of cabbage? His troubles and anxiety commenced with slight cramps, and being pretty well convinced that he had the *symptoms*, he began to think of the *remedies*. He had heard camphor, alcohol, asafœtida, cayenne pepper, brandy, &c., &c., recommended—and concluded, very naturally, that the latter would answer his purpose to a T. He accordingly swallowed half a tumblerful, and then began a long walk to produce a perspiration and aid the digestion of the cabbage. Unconscious of his route, he soon found himself by the side of a new made grave in one of the burial yards, and thinking conversation might divest him of the thoughts of the cabbage, he began a coloquy with the grave-digger.

"What did he die of?"—asked Archibald.

"Cholera," replied the man,—"from eating imprudently of cabbage."

The pain in Archibald's stomach grew worse. He made his way hastily to the nearest tavern, took another dose of his favorite remedy, and continued his walk. On the way he met a friend, who inquired if he had heard of the sudden death of Joe Snooks.

"No," said Archibald,—"what did he die of?"

"Cholera."

"Was he imprudent in his diet?"

"Yes—he ate heartily of cabbage."

Archibald felt "coldness at the extremities,"—and stopped at the nearest tavern to take another comforter. He still continued his uncertain way towards home, occasionally taking a glass as the *premonitory symptoms* became more and more alarming, when he met a funeral. "What caused that person's death?"—asked he of a by-stander.

"Cholera, from eating too much cabbage!"

Archibald took another dose—the cold perspiration ran from every pore of his skin—he thought of church-yards, grave-diggers, and dry bones; and when he reached his house, he fell sprawling in the entry, and was carried to bed senseless.

"Alack—alas!" exclaimed his disconsolate wife, "I knew it would be so—he's got the Cholera from eating that plaguy cabbage!"

Archibald heard those doleful sounds with fear and trembling—he thought himself in a state of collapse, for he could not speak—fear and his liberal potations choaked his utterance. At length he fell into a deep sleep—dreamed of fiery dragons, yelling imps, cholera and cabbage. In the morning he awoke—rubbed his eyes, and exclaimed, "Wife, was'nt I most confoundedly corned last night."—GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.

The Cholera continues to advance through the southern states. At Edenton, N. C. the new cases for the week ending Wednesday, Oct. 24, 4 P. M., 22, 4 whites and 18 colored. Deaths, 13,—2 whites and 11 colored.

The flea, called by the Arabians "the father of leapers," and the locusts, jump two hundred times their own length: and supposing the same relative force to be infused into the body of a man six feet high, he would be able to leap three times the height of St. Paul's.

ROYAL HAPPINESS.—During the troubles at Paris, in consequence of the war of the Fronde, Henrietta, the grand-daughter of Henry IVth of France, and the wife of Charles Ist, who, with her children, had fled from England, and then resided in that city, was reduced to such a state of misery, that, in a severe January she was without wood or coals, or money to procure them; and her daughter, Henrietta Maria, afterwards the wife of the Duke of Orleans, the brother of Lewis XIVth, was obliged to remain in bed to preserve herself from the cold.

In the course of Mr. Rothschild's examination before the committee appointed to investigate the concerns of the Bank of England, that gentleman stated that he "had bought lately in Paris £800,000 sterling (nearly five millions of dollars) in gold, that came from the Dey of Algiers, which had been locked up in his cellar, and did nobody any good."

AURICULAR ORGANS.—Sir Everard Home has recently made some inquiries by way of comparison between the auricular organs of man, and of quadrupeds. The result of his researches seem to prove, that shrill tones, or the upper notes of an instrument, have comparatively little effect in exciting the attention of animals, while the lower tones stimulate them almost to fury. Sir Everard observes, "that the effect of the high notes of the piano forte upon the great lion in Exter 'Change, only called his attention, which was considerable, though he remained silent and motionless. But no sooner were the flat, or lower notes, sounded, than he sprung up, lashed his tail, and yelled violently, and endeavored to break loose; and became altogether so furious, as to alarm the spectators present. This violent excitement ceased with the discontinuance of the music. The deep tones of the French horn also produced a similar effect with the lower tones of the piano forte on the elephant, and other animals, on which the experiment was made."

SINGULAR ORNAMENTS AMONG THE INDIANS. Their females have a singular mode of ornamenting themselves. They bore a hole through the under lip, as low down towards the chin as possible, and stick several long thorns in the aperture, with the points projecting outwards. Observing that several of the tribe had decorated their lips with common pins, I gave one of the squaws a few that happened to be in my possession. She immediately called to her a girl of about twelve years old, (apparently her daughter) who had not, as yet, been distinguished by this ornament, pierced her lip with equal indifference and dexterity, with a sharp instrument made of an illigator's tooth, and placed the pins in the orifice. The poor girl bore this operation with great patience, and appeared to be perfectly consoled by the possession of her newly acquired ornament for the pain it must have given her.

THE POET GOWER.—Chaucer, who is called the father of English poetry, who died in 1400, was preceded by John Gower, who was celebrated before Chaucer was known; he outlived Chaucer, however, and died old and blind, but not poor. He wrote a poem in English called "Confessio Amantis." It contains thirty-five thousand lines; and was composed at the request of King Richard II. He had more knowledge of ethics than of poetry; and is named by Chaucer, in these words: "O! Moral Gower!" He united the moral philosopher with the minstrel; and he may be called the Cowper of his age. He enlarged and disciplined the intellectual taste of his countrymen. Gower was the first poet that wrote in the English language, who gave his lovers a good share of learning, as an indispensable requisite for success in winning the affections of the fair to whom they were devoted. On the tales of Gower, Byron and Scott have founded their Laras, Corsairs, Brides of Abydos, and Marmions.—Who ever was, and ever can be, entirely original?—KNAPP'S LECTURES.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN—is a gentleman every where. His good manners are not confined to drawing-rooms or large parties. He is a gentleman in a crowd, and a gentleman when alone in his closet. He is a gentleman not chiefly for the sake of exhibiting himself, or that he may accomplish some selfish and ungenerous purpose, but from the love of an amiable and manly deportment. A true gentleman is indeed a benevolent man. He will no more disoblige a poor man than one who is rich. It is no inducement with him to the commission of an ungentlemanly act, that he shall never be discovered,—for he hates all such acts for their own sake.

SOMEWHAT OF A CHANGE.—When the "Cincinnati Mirror" was first commenced, it was inferred that owing to the slender state of the patronage afforded, the editor was compelled to take up his residence in a garret; but since brighter scenes have visited the Mirror, and "brighter ideas" the treasury; the editor has unceremoniously changed his position from the "Garret" to the "Parlor."—GERMANTOWN TEL.

PRINTING.

CHECKS, Cards, Handbills, Circulars, and Printing of every description, neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

MILITARY & SPORTING WAREHOUSE

J. P. Moore, 208 Broadway

Nearly opposite St. Pauls Church.

HAS constantly on hand and offers for sale on accommodating terms, Wholsale or Retail, Swords, Sword-Belts, Epaulettes, Sashes, Wings, Laces, Cords, Tassels, Spurs, &c. &c with every article suitable for Officers, Privates and Musicians.

NAVY.

Navy Swords, Dirks, Belts, Buttons, &c. &c.

FOR SPORTSMEN.

The finest and best assortment of Double and Single barrel guns for Fowling and Duck shooting—Duelling, Travelling and Pocket pistols, also—a general assortment of Gun locks, Mountings, &c. Powder Flasks, Shot Belts, Game bags, &c. Percussion powder and pills, of all sizes and fine quality, Caps of all kinds and Warranted not to cut in the eye.

RIFLES.

A complete assortment for the Southern and Western Markets, by the Case Dozen or Single one.

FISHING TACKLE.

A general assortment of Rods, Lines, Reels, Hooks, &c. &c.

N. B. The subscriber having been brought up to the business of Gun making, guarantees every article sold hy him, and those favoring him with their orders may depend upon being served with faithfulness and at moderate prices.

Guns made to order, and all altering and repairing done in the best manner, and with punctuality.

P. S. Wanted immediately Six first-rate steady workmen at Fowling or Rifle making. To good steady men constant employment will be given. Oct 13.

Miscellaneous.

IMPORTED HORSES HEDGFORD & AUTOCRAT.

HEDGFORD *Full Brother to Birmingham.* PEDIGREE.—He was bred by Mr. Mytton, in 1826, got by Filho da Puta—his Dam Miss Craigie, bred by Major Bower, in 1811, by Orville, her Dam Marchioness by Lurcher, Grandam Miss Cognolen, by Phenomenon—Young Marsk, Sylvia, &c. &.

He is a beautiful Dark Brown, with black legs, having no white marks except a beautiful Star in the Forehead—he is 16 1-2 hands high, and for symmetry and muscular strength, not surpassed by any Horse.

PERFORMANCES.—In 1828 he won the Maiden Plate at Chester, beating Joceline and three other favorite Horses—the Gold Cup and a Sweepstakes at Nottingham. In 1829, the Members Plate at Chester. In 1830, the Cheshire Stakes of 25 Sovereigns each, 15 Subscribers—a stake of 10 Sovereigns each, with 40 added, 8 subscribers, and a £50 Plate at Wrexham. Among the numerous Horses which he beat are the following: Scarborough, Camellia, Silverlock, Strephon, the Marshall, Nimrod, Mermaid, Stapely, Master Henry, Ultimatum, Fortitude, Naverino, Courtier, Sandoval, Hazard, Sprig, Effie, Rolla, and Lady Bird—all Crack-Horses of the day.

FILHO DA PUTA, (the Sire of Hedgford,) was got by Haphazard—his dam, Mrs. Barnet, by Waxy; Grandam by Woodpecker; Great Granpam Heinal, by Squirrel—Frincipessa by Blank, &c. &c.

FILHO DA PUTA, won the great Doncaster St. Ledger, in 1815—Orville, the Sire of Hedgford's dam, won the St. Ledger, in 1802, and Birmingham, full brother to Hedgford, won the St Ledger in 1830.

BIRMINGHAM'S winnings, exclusive of the St. Ledger, has been greater than any other 5 year old of the same day. Gentlemen who will take the trouble to examine the Racing Calender and Stud Book, will find that he is descended from a family of stout and true Runners, which will appear by the following brief sketch of the Performance of a few of Filho da Puta's get—viz, in 1823 ten were winners—in 1824, twenty were winners—in 1825, 17 do.—in 1826, 20 do.—in 1827, 22 do.—in 1828, 34 do.—in 1829, 28 do.—in 1830, 31 do.—in 1831, 27 do.—which gives to him the reputation of being the sire of more winning horses up to that date than any other Stallion in England can boast of having produced in the same length of time—among them may be noted Sherwood, The Agent, Fille de Joi, Pellatine, Alecta, Escape, Fair Rosaline, Hajji Baba, Miller of Mansfield, Orthodox, Arachne, Dr. Faustus, Elephanta, Hexgrave, Maid of Mansfield, Forrester Lass, Harriet, Sangredo, His Grace, Astonishment, Betsy Bedlam, Charnwood, Columbia, Jocko, Father Long Legs, Elegance, Frederick, Grimalkin, Lambtonian, Merry Trix, Talma, Orthodox, Independence, Abel, Gallopade, His Highness, Scipio, Sir Thomas, &c.—His winners amount to upwards of two hundred and forty.

THE MAGNIFICENT GREY HORSE

AUTOCRAT.

Bred by the Earl of Derby, in 1822—16 1-2 Hands high—of great substance and Muscular form.

PEDIGREE.—He was got by Grand Duke; his dam Olivetta, by Sir Oliver; Grandam Scotinia, by Delphina; her dam Scota, by Eclipse, Herod, &c. &c.

GRAND DUKE, was a well known racer, bred by Sir T. M. Stanley, and got by Arch Duke, out of Hand Maid, by John Bull. Arch Duke was bred by Sir F. Standish, and got by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Horatio, sister to Achilles, bred by the Duke of Bolton, and got by Eclipse out of Delphini's dam by Blank. Sir Peter won the Derby stakes at Epsom, in 1787—and Arch Duke in 1796—his pedigree is unrivalled.

PERFORMANCES.—Autocrat, when 3 years old, in 1825, at Chester, won the Dee stakes, beating Sir T. M. Stanley's Doctor Faustus, and 4 others—the same week, at Chester, he won the Palatine stakes, beating Mr. Houldsworth's Androgeus, &c. At Litchfield, he won the Staffordshire stakes, beating Gen. Grosvenor's Wings, who won the Gold Cup, and Oak stakes, at Epsom, the same year. In 1826, Autocrat won two £270 Plates as Newton—the Peover Stakes at Knutsford—the Kings Plate at Litchfield—and the same year, ran second to that well known racer "Lottery," for the Gold Cup at Preston, beating Signorina, Brutendorf, &c. Many of the above races were heats; among others of note, that for the King's Plate at Litchfield, 4 miles, carrying the heavy English Weight imposed upon Plate horses.

Among the various horses of note which Autocrat beat, are the following:—Dr. Faustus, Ludford, Escape, Androgeus, Wings, Achilles, Cymbeline, Signorina, Toss, Young Castrell, Predictor, Grenadier, Sir Roger, Alecto, Euphrates, Brutendorf, Rinaldo, Invalid, Whittington, Miss Forrester, Ambo, Anti Radical, &c. all first rate runners of their day.

HEDGFORD & AUTOCRAT were both exhibited at the Union Course, on Long Island, during the late Races, and pronounced by good Judges, to be the best horses imported for many years past.

The above horses (Hedgford and Autocrat) were imported by the subscriber, in the ship Washington, Capt. Thompson, and landed at New-York, on the 8th of Sept. last. One or both of which will be sold, or farmed out for the approaching season, upon reasonable terms, if early application is made to

WM. JACKSON.

New-York, Nov. 3. No. 7 Park Row.

☞ A fine DURHAM BULL, a Cow and BULL CALF, of the short-horned Breed, imported at the same time, are also offered for sale. Apply as above.

BLOOD HORSES FOR SALE, AT RICHMOND, VA.

MY stock of Horses having increased to a number that renders it inconvenient to keep I have determined on disposing of a large number of them, on terms that must be satisfactory to those who are disposed to purchase. Among them are Stallions, including (La Fayette,) Brood Mares, Colts and Fillies of all ages. My stock consists of Archys, Gohannas, Charleses, La Fayettes, Medleys, and Timoleons. My prices shall be reasonable and terms accommodating. I am resolved to reduce the number, and bargains may be had, if immediate application is made. They will not be offered publicly, so that all who are desirous to procure a valuable stock of Horses, either for the turf or for breeding, had better not delay their application.

oc 20. JOHN M. BOTTS.

To Storekeepers.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New-York, respectfully offers his services to Country Merchants and Storekeepers, in the purchase of Goods of every description, particularly DRY GOODS and GROCERIES. S. J. S has connection in business with the first houses, whereby he is enabled to buy cheap, and his charge will be extremely moderate, say 2 1-2 per cent. If a remittance be enclosed, small orders will meet with the same attention as those of larger amounts; it will be obvious to dealers, particularly those on a small scale that this is an opportunity deserving notice—the merchants will save the trouble and expense of a journey, and may depend on being well and economically served. Orders may be addressed either to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, or New-York, the subscriber having a house in each city. S. J. SYLVESTER. d24

NOTICE.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHSON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission and Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No 8, Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

The Autumn Races.

GREENWOOD RACES.

THE Races over the Greenwood Course, Scotland Neck, Halifax county, North Carolina, will commence on Wednesday, the 7th day of November next, and continue three days: four days should a colt race be closed.

First Day.—The Proprietor's Purse, $100 money up; mile heats, entrance $10.

Second Day.—The Jockey Club Purse, $150; two mile heats; entrance $10.

Third Day.—The remainder of the Jockey Club purse, $250; three mile heats; entrance $15.

Fourth Day.—A colt race, $50 entrance; three or more to make a race, to close on the evening of the first day.

All entries to be made with the Proprietor on the evening previous to each day's race.

Accommodations to be had of the Proprietor residing within a half mile of the track, who will not spare any pains to give satisfaction.

Good Stable and Litter furnished race horses gratis. WILLIAM NICKELS,
o27 Proprietor.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

JERUSALEM, VA.

WILL commence on the 3d Tuesday in November and continue four days.

First Day.—A sweepstake, for 3 year olds, who never won a race—mile heats—$100 entrance, half forfeit—4 or more to make a race. Subscribers: James J. Harrison, S. Bryant—to close 25th of October.

Second Day.—Proprietor's Purse—$250—two mile heats—entrance $15.

Third Day.—Jockey Club Purse $500—four mile heats—entrance $20.

Fourth Day.—A poststake, 2 mile heats—$100 entrance. half forfeit, free for all ages.

An elegant saddle will be put up, to be run for on the 4th day, mile heats.

RICHARD S. NICHOLSON,
Proprietor.

THE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

(MEMPHIS, TEN.)

WILL commence on Wednesday the 14th November next, four days running. First day, two mile heats, purse $200. Second day, three mile heats, purse $300. Third day, mile heats, 3 best in 5, purse $200. Fourth day, a first rate saddle, bridle and martingale.—The money will be hung up at the poles each day, and delivered by the Judges to the winning horse.—Free for any horse, mare or gelding, according to rules. The track is equal to any in the state; first rate stables and accommodation can be had in the town. By order of the Board,

MARK B. SAPPINGTON, *Secr'y.*

Memphis, Oct. 2, 1832.

S. J. SYLVESTER & Co.

No. 33 Baltimore-street, Baltimore, Md. And Wood-street, Pittsburgh, Pa

MESSRS. YATES & M'INTYRE having succeeded in purchasing the grant of the Maryland State Lotteries, a scheme of Class No 17, to be drawn in Baltimore, on Saturday, Nov. 9th is presented to our customers, for which we ask a consideration. Having an office as above, we shall be enabled to afford every facility to adventurers.

It will be remembered that when $10 and upwards are remitted, postage need not be paid; but correspondents are urgently requested to send notes of as large denomination as possible; frequently happens that the postage charge deprives us of all profit. Our friends are aware that when a package is sold, a deduction is always made from the full price, and when a certificate is ordered, the difference between the cost and warranty need only be forwarded. It is respectfully suggested to adventurers, that by ordering certificate, whether of package or loose tickets, they will save themselves much return postage—in such cases the tickets are always sealed up and held for the benefit, and subject to the order of the buyer.

DANCING ACADEMY,

City Saloon, Marble Buildings, Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church.

MR. & MRS. TRUST have the honor to announce to their patrons and the public, that they have engaged the above splendid building, where they will re open their DANCING and CALISTHENIC ACADEMY on the 1st of November next. The superior eligibility of this newly erected establishment, its extent and splendor, combining privacy with every possible public convenience which can be met with in any similar, the original construction of the spacious and lofty saloon for the transmission of sound, without "bewildering echoes and discordant jars," altogether forming a Music, Ball, and Concert Saloon, with its suite of rooms, unrivalled in the United States. To make it so, however, has been the aim of the enterprising proprietor; how far he has succeeded, the public will judge when it is opened.

The experience and great success of Mrs. Trust, as teacher in this city of the varied styles of fashionable dances, viz. Cotillions, Gallopades, and Waltzing, in exact conformity with the system of the European *artistes*, will, she confidently presumes, recommend her exclusively to the patronage of the ladies and the parents of juveniles, in whose instruction she is confessedly felicitous.

Mrs. T. would also respectfully impress on the minds of parents who have objections against dancing, the importance of the Calisthenics, or Grecian exercises, as a substitute, for the removal of every awkward and embarrassing appearance peculiar to young ladies on their first entering into polished society, giving in exchange a graceful and easy carriage, and above all, imparting to them health and vigor. Should any lady wish to make herself acquainted with the utility of the Calisthenic Exercises, previous to becoming or recommending a pupil, Mrs. Trust will be happy to explain the nature of them by personal illustration, on the opening of the school.

Gentlemen patrons are informed that a teacher of acknowledged practical eminence is now on his passage from Europe, and is engaged as an assistant in the Gentlemen's Classes, and no efforts will be wanting to render them satisfaction equal to any they would receive at other establishments. Pupils and parents will have the privilege of attending the Weekly Assemblies, for which the distinguished New-York Cotillion Band is engaged.

Schools and Private Classes attended. Days of tuition, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and evenings. The Grecian Exercises in the morning. Terms, $10 per quarter.

Mr. and Mrs. T. having made every possible endeavor to render this institution deserving an extended public patronage, they have sanguine expectations that their utmost hopes will be abundantly realized.

A private subscription Ball, once a fortnight, is in contemplation. Arrangements have been made with the stage proprietors for the conveyance to and fro of up-town pupils free of expense. Subscription Book at No. 52 Howard-st.

Oct. 27. tf

MUSIC,

At Peale's Museum & Gallery of the Fine Arts, Broadway, opposite the Park.

THE KENDALLS are engaged for a short time, to delight the company with their exquisite performance on the Harp, French Horn, and improved French Flageolet, during the evenings.

The working model of the Novelty Steam Carriage, lately exhibited at Niblo's Garden, is deposited for a short time in the Museum.

Amongst the Paintings may be particularly noticed a full length portrait of Napoleon by Lefevre. Oct. 13.

S. J. SYLVESTER will conduct the *Lottery and Exchange Business*, at his new store, corner of Fourth and Wood-streets, where he will be pleased to see his correspondents when they visit Pittsburgh. Letters may be addressed as usual, *S. J. SYLVESTER, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

AN APPRENTICE WANTED.

A BOY who can come well recommended, may hear of a situation at the printing business, by applying at No. 35 Wall street, up stairs.

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

THE DRUNKARD'S SONG.

"Shall I not take mine ease at mine Inn."
SHAKSPEARE.

Revel we here in the tavern hall—
Wines that are sweet as flowers
Waters that rush to the welcome call,
Friends and sigars are ours.
Merrily pull the bar-room bell!
Who would live in a garret
When he may smoke at a small expense,
When he may guzzle claret?

Jollily roar the chorus round,
Glasses chink music gaily;
Here may staunch friends to wine be found,
Foes to the grumbum-bailey.
Lift we each glass to the blazing light—
Hues of a colour gory,
Beam in the wine that sparkles to-night
Worthy to live in story.

Carry them gently off to bed,
They who have crushed their noses;
Aye, it is sweet when the toper's head
On his down couch reposes.
Carefully, fellows, and when the morn
Breaks, tell your landlord's daughter
To be kind enough to serve them up
Tumbler's of soda-water.

Drink we a health to the fellows gone—
Hearts that are stout at drinking,
Ye who can swallow your bumpers off
Three times three without winking.
Blow we a cloud to the fellows gone,
Yet from their fates take warning
When you're to meet at a BLOW at night,
Never drink in the morning.

Revel no more, for the morning's near,
And street-lamps are gently fading,
Darkness as thick as the dregs of port
Pavement and side-walks shading.
"Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?"
Honest Old Jack spake rightly—
Then three times three and one bumper more,
And we'll hold our revel nightly.

QUERY.—Is it more disagreeable to have no appetite for your dinner, or no dinner for your appetite!—One dollar and found; chickens and champaign thrown in—no charge for twenty. Business is business, and opposition is, ever has been and ever will be, nothing more nor less than opposition. The steamer Connecticut is advertised to run between Boston and Portland for $1 and found.

"I am afraid of the lightning," murmured a pretty woman, during a thunder storm. "Well you may be," sighed a despairing adorer, "when your heart is steel."

A clergyman of a country village, desired his clerk to give notice, that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to officiate for another clergyman." The clerk, as soon as the sermon was ended, rose up, with all due solemnity, and called out—"I am desired to give notice, that there will be no *sarvice* this afternoon as Mr. L. is going a fishing with another clergyman." Mr. L. of course, corrected the awkward yet amusing blunder.

POLITICS.—Uncle Jo cared no more about politics than he did for the fifth wheel of a coach, but so far as he did meddle, he conceived it *politic* to be all things to all men. He lived in high party times, the line of demarcation was marked between federalists and democrats. As each party claimed him, when he showed himself at the polls each supplied him with votes. "Take a vote Uncle Jo?" said a democrat. "Yes," and away it went into his ample vest pouch. "Have one of our tickets?" said a federalist, "Yes," and it went to the same pocket. Thus with his pocket full, he went to the ballot box, and deposited the one he happened to draw, without looking at it. Returning, if he met another vote distributor, "Have a vote Uncle Jo?" was again asked,—"No I have voted." "You did not vote against us I hope?" "*If I did I didn't know it.*" As Uncle Jo was accounted capable of knowing the difference between a Democratic and Federal ticket, this answer would suit the questioner, belong to what party he might.—*Lowell Compend.*

Joanna Southcott, who was not only profane and impudent, but old and ugly, in answer to the objection urged against the employment of a woman in the vocation she had adopted, replied—"That if Adam had refused listening to a foolish ignorant woman, at first, then might men refuse their attention to a foolish ignorant woman, at last:" an argument, readily admitted by her auditors, and a fair sample of the kind she was in the habit of giving them. This woman, it is said, came from Italy. It is something curious, that in Italy an English virgin made her appearance, in the 13th century, pursuing a like vocation. She was burnt at Milan. Some apology might be found for her followers, for she is represented to have been both beautiful and eloquent.

A panther, about the size of a large dog, has been seen near the residence of Mr. James Campbell, three miles north of this place. It has been several times within a few rods of Mr. Campbell's door, and has more than once pursued his children; and at one time was not more than 20 yards in their rear.—*Penn. Democrat.*

The mountain company passed through Lexington, Missouri, on the 22d Sept. with 150 mules loaded with beaver fur, each carrying 300 pounds. They had a brush with the Blackfeet and had seven men killed, and several wounded; Soublette, the principal of the company, was badly wounded in the arm and shoulder, but is doing well.

A SEED FARMER.—An honest son of Erin, who had saved money enough by his industry to purchase a small farm, undertook to manage it himself. He accordingly bought his seeds at a seed store, and planted them all done up in papers—just as they came from the store. A bystander who observed him, began to laugh at him and told him he was doing wrong. 'Ah, let me alone for that,' said Pat, 'I am making a *seed* garden; did ye never see seeds grow all papered and labelled, jist as they sell them in the shop! Out upon ye!'

BARON DE STEUBEN'S HONORABLE CONDUCT—The Baron was as rough as the ocean in a storm when great faults were committed; but if in a sudden gust of passion he had injured any one, the redress was ample. At a review near Morristown, lieutenant Gibbons, a brave and good officer, was arrested on the spot, and ordered into the rear, for a fault, which it afterwards appeared, another had committed.

At a proper moment, the commander of the regiment came forward and informed the Baron of Mr. Gibbon's innocence, of his worth, and of his acute feelings under this disgrace.

"Desire lieutenant Gibbons to come to the front, colonel."

"Sir," said the Baron to the lieutenant, "the mistake which was made, might, by throwing the line into confusion, have been fatal in the presence of an enemy. I arrested you as its author, but I have reason to believe I was mistaken; and, that in this instance, you are harmless. I ask your pardon. Return to your command. I would not deal unjustly by any; much less by one whose character as an officer is so respectable."

All this passed with the Baron, hat off—the rain pouring on his venerable head! Do you think there was an officer or soldier who saw it, unmoved by affection and respect? Not one.

The steamer Argo, Capt. Davenport, of "*forty mouse power*," was advertised for a pleasure excursion at Detroit, on the 13th inst. She is a SCREAMER of the tip-a-CANOE type.

REVOLUTIONARY EVENTS.

BARON DE KALB.

It was on the morning of August 15th, 1780, that we left the army in a good position, near Rugeley's Mills, twelve miles from Camden, where the enemy lay. At ten that night orders were given to march and surprise the enemy, who had at the same time commenced a march to surprise the Americans. To their mutual astonishment, the advance of the two armies met at 2 o'clock, and began firing at each other. It was soon discontinued by both parties, who appeared willing to leave the matter to be decided by daylight. A council of war was called, in which De Kalb advised that the army should fall back to Rugeley's Mills, and wait to be attacked. General Gates not only rejected this excellent counsel, but threw out an insinuation that it originated in fear. Upon this the brave old man leaped from his horse, and placed himself at the head of his command on foot, saying with considerable warmth, "Well, sir, perhaps a few hours will show who are the brave."

As day light increased, the frightened militia began to discover the woods reddened all over with the scarlet uniforms of the British army, which soon, with rattling drums and thundering cannon, came rushing on to the charge, and they scarcely waited to give them a distant fire before they broke, and fled in every direction. General Gates clapped spurs to his horse, as he said "to bring the rascals back." However, he did not bring himself back, nor did he stop till he reached Charlotte, eighty miles from the field of battle. Two-thirds of the army having thus shamefully taken themselves off, the brave old De Kalb and his handful of continentals were left to try the fortunes of the day. More determined valor was never displayed—for though out numbered more than two to one, they sustained the attack of the whole British force for more than an hour. Glorying in the bravery of his continentals, De Kalb towered before them like a pillar of fire. But, alas! what can valor do against equal valor aided by such fearful odds? While bending forward to animate his troops, the veteran received eleven wounds. Fainting from the loss of blood, he fell to the ground, while Britons and Americans were killed over him as they strove to destroy or defend. In the midst of clashing bayonets, his only surviving aid, colonel De Buysson, stretched his arms over the fallen hero, and called out "save the baron De Kalb." The British officers then interposed, and prevented his immediate destruction.

De Kalb died as he lived, the unconquered friend of liberty. When the English officers condoled with him for his misfortune, he replied, "I thank you for your generous sympathy; but I die the death I always prayed for; the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man." He survived but a few hours, and was buried in the plains of Camden, near which his last battle was fought.

Many years after, when Washington visited Camden, he inquired for the grave of De Kalb. It was shown to him. Gazing upon it thoughtfully, he exclaimed with a deep sigh, "So here lies the brave De Kalb; the generous stranger who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty.—Would to God he had lived to share its fruits."

The following is an instance of most shocking ingratitude. Bean Brummell, having borrowed some money of a city dandy, whom he patronized in return, was asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened." —"No."—"Why, there's that fellow, Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds, has had the face to ask me for it, and yet I called the dog, Tom, and let myself dine with him."

A conjurer lately announced the following performance, in England: I will drive eight tenpenny nails into the small of any gentleman's back, place him in a *loadstone* chair, draw out every nail, and he shall feel no pain.

"I expect," said a young physician, on his way to New-York, on the breaking out of the cholera, "to witness a great many death-bed scenes this summer."—"Doubtless," said a friend, "if you get much practice."

A gentleman of Leeds, in his description of his eloped wife, says—"She has a tongue that cuts like a razor."

THE KNICKERBOCKER.
OR
NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROSPECTUS.—PEABODY & Co. propose commencing at an early day the publication in this city, of a *Monthly Magazine.* The work when fairly established will consist of *Tales, Reviews and Essays, with notices of the Arts, Views of Society at home and abroad; Comments on the Fashions and temper of the times, Gleanings from the least accessible of foreign publications, and the earliest On-dits in literary, sporting, and fashionable circles.* But above all to reflect life and literature as displayed in this *Metropolis,* shall be the principal object of

THE KNICKERBOCKER, OR
NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

☞ Each number will contain twenty four quarto pages of letter press, printed with an entirely new and beautiful type, procured expressly for the work. The *paper,* of the finest American manufacture, will be of the same quality with that used in the *Annuals,* and stitched in an elegant tinted cover. The greatest attention in short will be paid to its typographical appearance, while superior *Engravings* will from time to time ornament and enrich the publication.

☞ *Terms of Subscription,* FOUR DOLLARS per annum, payable on the delivery of the fourth number.

Should the complexion of their subscription list barely enable the publishers to commence the Magazine, the contents of the earlier numbers will be one half original and the remainder selected; but should the publication meet with the success that is anticipated, it will gradually assume an entirely original character. The publishers being prepared, if met in their designs by the public, to enlist the acknowledged talent in the country, and call out latent ability, at an expenditure hitherto unpractised on this side of the Atlantic. They must meet with countenance themselves, however, before they can venture to bestow patronage, though perfectly content that *all* the profits of the work shall go to improve its character. In the meantime, without mentioning the names of the able contributors who have courteously pledged their aid, they feel warranted in stating that arrangements have been made, which will enable them to commence their undertaking, under *literary auspices the most favorable.*

PEABODY & CO.
219 Broadway, New-York.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 100, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Miscellaneous.

TO DENTISTS.

GOLD, Silver, Platina, and Tin Foils of superior quality, and warranted, are offered to the Dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street, by
sl GEORGE S. WAITE.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

SPORTSMEN are respectfully informed that I have 500 pigeons on hand, and have appointed Wednesday afternoon of each week for a PIGEON-MATCH, commencing at 2 o'clock. The ground (on the Mount Vernon Trotting Course) is the most favorable that could be selected, or even desired; and every exertion will be made to render it a favorite resort to sportsmen. WILLIAM OLIVER.
Mount Vernon, Sept. 15.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. CARTER 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

PARTHENON

Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object, also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

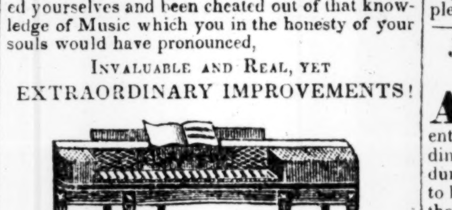
CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

EXTRAORDINARY
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION,
On the Celebrated Gowardonian System,
371 1-2 Grand Street.

BEING a new, thorough and rapid method of teaching new beginners, and others who are heartily tired of, disgusted with, and see little or no improvement on, the *old, long, irksome, tiresome,* and *very expensive* system of other teachers; invented by I. Goward, A. M. Professor and Practical Teacher of it, 371 1-2 Grand street, New-York City; whereby more may positively be easily acquired in barely SIX LESSONS or HOURS, or ONE LESSON of six hours, than in YEARS of vexatious drilling on that monopolizing old system which is just fit to torment pupils' heads and drain their pockets!—upon the Piano Forte and Spanish Guitar with Singing, Flute, Flageolet, Clarinet, Violin, Bass Viol, &c. &c.

☞ N. B. One word to people of sense—Citizens of New-York, I have been with you nearly 4 years, in which time I have taught thousands on my new System, but I hope you will pardon me if I ask you one *quizzical* question after being quizzed by you for nearly 4 years!—*namely,* Have not some of you refused to read my advertisements, or if you did read, did you not think it a *puff* and have you not listened to those who were enemies to improvements (or innovations as they would call them!) if so, have you not cheated yourselves and been cheated out of that knowledge of Music which you in the honesty of your souls would have pronounced,

INVALUABLE AND REAL, YET
EXTRAORDINARY IMPROVEMENTS!



TO AMATEURS OF MUSIC.—MR. GOWARD respectfully informs the Ladies who are proficients on the Piano Forte or Guitar, that he gives accompanying Lessons with the Flute and in Singing; also informs amateurs of the Flute that he is in the daily habit of *teaching* the embellishments of this most beautiful instrument (and other instruments) after the manner of Wragg, Nicholson, Alexander, Dressler, Cuddy, himself, &c. &c.

N. B. YOUNG LADIES are taught in a few lessons to sing Songs, Glees, Duetts, or Sacred Pieces (by note) in a correct and fashionable style—also to play together on the same instrument. Sacred Music is taught every Sunday evening. Ladies and Gentlemen, who are Music pupils, are free. The Euterpean Band, composed of Mr. Goward's pupils, meet every Tuesday evening, to practice together Duetts, Trios, Quartettos, &c consisting of Marches, Waltzes, Rondos, Cotilions, Dances, Hornpipes, Quadrilles, Gallopades, &c. arranged for the Flute, Clarinet, Violin, and Bass Viol. All who wish to play in Concert, should attend by all means.

N. B. YOUNG GENTLEMEN AND LADIES are taught elocutive Song singing, Glees, Catches, Duetts, &c. every THURSDAY Evening. Elocution is taught to young Ladies and Gentlemen in classes or alone.

HARMONY, or THOROUGH BASS, and COMPOSITION OF MUSIC are taught on moderate terms.

☞ Those who apply this month will be taken much lower.

Address or call on I. GOWARD, Professor and Teacher of Music, 371 1-2 Grand Street, New-York. n3.tf

GOLD & SILVER LEAF MANUFACTORY.

No. 67 WATTS STREET.

GEORGE S. WAITE, offers for sale gold and Silver Leaf, and Gold, Silver and Copper Bronzes of superior quality, at the lowest cash price, at the manufactory, No. 67 Watts street.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Secretary's Office, Albany, July 10th, 1832.

SIR—I hereby give you notice that at the next General Election in this State, to be holden on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in place of Stephen Allen, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

To the Sheriff of the city and county of N. York.

N. B. The Inspectors of Election in the several wards of your county, will give notice of the election of four Representatives to Congress, from the third Congressional District; and that forty-two Electors of President and Vice President are to be chosen at the General Election. Also, for the choice of Members of Assembly, and for filling any vacancies in the County Officers which may exist.

The above is a true copy of the notification received from the Secretary of State.

J. WESTERVELT,
Sheriff city and county of N. Y.

The Autumn Races.

JOCKEY CLUB FALL RACES,
NORFOLK, VA.

WILL commence on Wednesday the 7th of November next, and continue four days.

First day—a sweepstake for colts and fillies 3 years old last spring—2 mile heats, $100 entrance, p. p.—thirteen subscribers, and closed.—Subscibers, Richard Adams, John M. Botts, W. R. Johnson, James J. Harrison, John P. White, Wm. M. West, James M. Selden, Wm. Wynn, Rich'd H. Long, Henry A. Tayloe, John Minge, James S. Garrison, Wm. L. White, and Thomas Doswell.

Second day—Proprietor's purse $300—2 mile heats, entrance $15.

Third day—An inside stake, 4 mile heats, entrance $500, play or pay, and $1000 added by the club and proprietor—seven subscribers, which makes the stake $4,500. Subscribers, Wm. Wynn, Thos. Doswell, Wm. L. White, Strother Green, Thos. D. Watson, Jas. S. Garrison, Jas. J. Harrison, and Wm. R. Johnson.

Fourth and last day—The proprietor will put up a handsome Silver Cup and Urn—mile heats, best 3 in 5—entrance $20—free for any horse.

JOHN N. GIBBONS, *Secr'y.*
Norfolk, Sept. 22, 1832.

EAGLE COURSE,
TRENTON, N. J.

THE Races over the Eagle Course at Trenton will commence on the 2d Tuesday in November, with a purse of 100 dollars, 2 mile heats.

2d day—$200, 3 mile heats.
3d " 75, 1 mile heat,

and in the afternoon of the same day a trotting purse of 100 dollars,—3 mile heats.

Entrances for each day's race must be made with the Secretary before 5 o'clock, P. M. the day previous, or double entrance required. oct 4

CHRISTIANSVILLE RACES.

THE races over the Christiansville Course will commence on Tuesday, 6th day of November next, and continue five days.

First day—Proprietor's purse, $200, two mile heats. Entrance $15.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse, $500, 3 mile heats. Entrance $20.

Third day—Bal. Jockey Club Subscription, mile heats. Entrance $15.

Fourth day—Handicap Purse $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5. Entrance $15, to be added to purse.

Fifth day—A colt race, $100 entrance, mile heats—3 or more to make a race; subscription closed on the evening preceding first day's race. Also a saddle race, and gate money of that day, free for any horse that has never won a purse of $10. Entrance money hung up without discount.

The proprietor would inform the amateurs of the turf, (as his tract is new,) that he has spared neither pains nor money in rendering the whole convenient and comfortable. To the public he would say, his accommodations are large.

RICHARD C. PURYEAR, Proprietor.
September 25, 1832.

HUNTSVILLE RACES.

THE annual Jockey Club Races over the Huntsville (Ala.) course, will commence on Tuesday the 6th of November next, and continue five days.

On Tuesday the 6th, a sweepstakes for 2 year old colts, $100 entrance, mile heats; 7 subscribers closed.

On Wednesday the 7th, the first day of the Jockey Club, 1 mile heats—2d day, 2 mile heats, 3d day, 3 mile heats—4th day, the best three in five.

The winning horse of the Jockey Club purse of either day during the races, shall not be admitted any other day. Money hung up each day

OTEY & ROBINSON,
Proprietors.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.
WAYNESBOROUGH, GEO.

WILL commence on Tuesday, 11th of December next and continue four days.

First Day.—Three mile heats for a purse worth $300
Second Day—Two mile heats for 250
Third Day—Mile heats three best in five for a handicap purse worth 200
The above free for any horse.
Fourth Day.—Mile heats, free only for horses foaled in Burke county, for a purse worth from $100 to $150

☞ Editors friendly to sport of this kind, will please republish the above.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES.
SAVANNAH, GA.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colt's two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Secr'y.*

A CARD.
NEW-YORK GYMNASIUM, No. 29 ANN-STREET.

W. FULLER begs leave to remind gentlemen returning from the country, and particularly those whose pursuits require close application, that the surest method of retaining the health and vigor which a sojourn in, and the amusements of, the country may have given them, is by having daily recourse to some active bodily exercise, which is likewise the best safe-guard against attacks of the pestilence which still lurks in our city.

The institution he has the pleasure of conducting affords every facility and convenience for attaining objects so desirable, and he begs that they will take an opportunity of examining it for themselves. To his subscribers he presents his compliments, and hopes that they will be general and regular in their attendance.

P. S. Fencing and Sparring upon the most approved principles taught at the Gymnasium.

"Elements of Gymnastics," by Wm. Fuller, price 25 cents. Oct. 6.

TROTTING COURSE,
MOUNT VERNON, NEAR NEW-YORK CITY.

THE public are respectfully informed that a PURSE will be trotted for over this course on the 1st of NOVEMBER next, to commence at 5 o'clock every week thereafter, on THURSDAYS, until notice is given to the contrary in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The Course remains open for private Matches and for Training; and Sporting gentlemen are respectfully invited to avail themselves of the advantages which it offers.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.
Oct. 13, 1832.

TO SPORTSMEN
OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky., which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not inferior, but rather superior, to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 61 JAMES MOORE.

CAPS & Stocks of every variety in any quantity for sale at very reduced prices at the Cap & Stock factory of

L. MORANGE & DAVIS
June 11, 1832. 105 William street.

Sporting Stores.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general sssortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S
WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
194 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do.—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes: do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls: percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multipiying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle.—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

⁂ *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York.—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines. Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish-hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets, and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Taskling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

ALSO, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st.
opposite the Wall-street church.

⁂ VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE,

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

Amusements, &c.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, CARS, AND RAIL-ROAD.

WM. NIBLO respectfully informs the public that he is now exhibiting, in full operation around the South Garden, the beautiful little Engine called the NOVELTY, made expressly for exhibition, together with Cars, which carries four or more persons with great rapidity over a Rail-Road of 140 yards, at the rate of eight miles the hour.

The Novelty was made by Mr. Baldwin, of Philadelphia, a distinguished Mechanician, who has formed it after the model of the lightest and most beautiful of the English Engines. The Novelty for grace of action, ease, and smoothness of motion, will not be disparaged by comparison with any compulsive instrument hitherto constructed.

This beautiful specimen of mechanicism would have been exhibited to the New York public before this, had it not been for the *Epidemic.*

As the Novelty will be exhibited but for a short season, those who wish to indulge a curiosity for witnessing this beautiful specimen of American Mechanism, and Locomotive Experiment, will no doubt find themselves highly gratified, and satisfied, that the time is not far distant, when one of those flying machines, in this age of improvement, may leave New York for the West, and in three days, place cannon on the battle ground, or merchandise in the warehouse of New Orleans, and return to New York in the same week, at the rate ordinarily executed, now on the Liverpool Rail-Road.

The hours of exhibition from 10 to 1 o'clock in the morning, from 3 to 6 in the afternoon, and from 7 to 10 in the evening.

Admittance 25 cents—children half price. s29

PEALE'S MUSEUM
AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS,
Broadway, opposite the City Hall.

THIS favorite fashionable resort has, during the temporary absence of the greater portion of the inhabitants, undergone numerous alterations and improvement, and no expense has been spared to render it still more attractive.—The proprietor hails with pleasure the reappearance of his friends, and trusts that his humble endeavors to render this establishment a pleasing Evening Lounge, will on its re-opening on Monday evening next, the 3d September, be enlivened by the smiles of numerous citizens and strangers. On that occasion the great Anaconda will be fed with a living rabbit

To enumerate even a few of the principal curiosities in the Museum, would occupy too much space for an advertisement, and the reputation it has attained by the superiority of its specimens, at once does away the necessity of puffing. The public are invited to judge for themselves.

Admittance as usual, 25 cents—children half price. Season tickets on moderate terms. s29

THE COURT OF DEATH,

PAINTED by Rembrandt Peale, is now open for exhibition and sale, at the Rooms (late Atheneum) corner of Broadway and Pine st.

The idea of this subject was taken from Bishop Proteus' Poem on Death. The Picture is 24 feet long, 13 feet high—23 figures size of life. This very popular Picture, which was exhibited in several cities with unprecedented success, has not been unrolled for many years. It was reserved with the idea of forming a Gallery, but that purpose being abandoned, and the author about to proceed to Europe, it will be disposed of by private or public sale, either to deposit in some Gallery or Hospital, or for profitable speculation as an exhibition picture. The following is a correct list of the receipts of this picture during the short period of its exhibition. In Baltimore, $1785; Philadelphia 810, (alarm of yellow fever); New-York, 1767; Boston 1067; Salem 152; Charleston 1099; Savannah 300; Augusta 312; Richmond 277; Washington and Alexandria 670—in all $8239. This picture has lost none of its attraction, having been often enquired for; and a new generation has since grown up whose curiosity may be gratified in the contemplation of it.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN,
JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

THE SERAPHINE,
A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY
C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 PEARL-ST.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Serephine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost passible delicacy of diminuendo and cresendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight key'd Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautifull song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

WATERING PLACE.
No. 44 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

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